

THE SECOND WAR-TIME ACADEMY (Illustrated)

Country Life

JUN 3 1941

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ONE SHILLING



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GENERAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Advertisements for this column are accepted at the rate of 2d. per word prepaid (if Box Number used 3d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Wednesday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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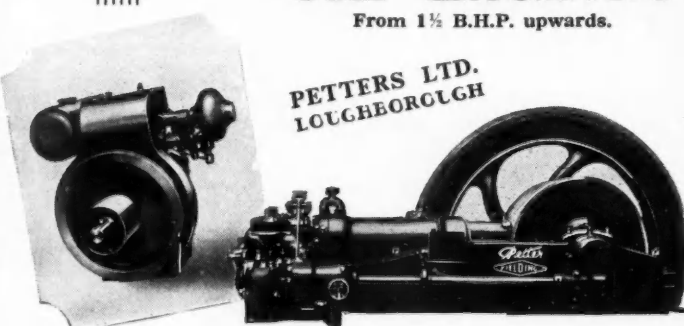
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Charming Small COUNTRY HOUSE standing in OVER 2 ACRES

5 bedrooms, dressing room, 3 sitting rooms, bathroom, etc. Co.'s electric light. GARAGE. STABLE. MATURED GARDENS. Tennis Lawn. Orchard.

PRICE FREEHOLD £1,850

The whole property in first-rate order.

Apply HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Ref. E. 46,024.) (REG. 8222.)

BRANCH OFFICE: HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W.19 (Phone: WIM. 0081.)

'Phone: Grosvenor 2861

'Grams: "Cornishmen, London."

TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

£5,000.

RARE OPPORTUNITY

¾-mile Trout Fishing

DEVON—DARTMOOR

Beautiful part—3 miles Chagford

CHARMING GRANITE-BUILT HOUSE

4 reception, billiard room, studio, 2 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage, Stabling, Farmhouse and Buildings.

LANDSCAPE GARDENS SLOPING TO RIVER.

Bathing pool. Pasture and Arable.

65 ACRES

Land easily let if not wanted.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,052.)

400 ACRES.

NO TITHE OR LAND TAX.

OXON—GLOS. BORDERS

700 ft. up. Mile Town and Station.

COTSWOLD FARMHOUSE

7 bedrooms. Bathroom. 2 reception.

Main water and electricity. "Aga" cooker.

GARAGES. FARM BUILDINGS. COTTAGES.

Well-farmed land. Good pasture.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH POSSESSION (part of land easily let off).

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,375.)

COTSWOLDS

9 miles Burford. ½ mile station.

FINE COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

11 bedrooms (most with fitted basins, h. and c.), 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, lounge hall.

Electric light. Central heating. "Aga" cooker. Garage for 4. 6 loose boxes. Excellent lodge.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS

kitchen and fruit garden, good pastureland.

50 ACRES

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (12,480.)

£4,500 FREEHOLD

MIGHT LET FURNISHED

HENLEY-ON-THAMES

Lovely views.

UNIQUE POSITIONED RESIDENCE

in excellent order.

3 reception rooms (one 34ft. long), 2 bath, 7 bedrooms.

Main water and electricity.

GARAGE for 2.

Grounds sloping in terraces to river, with landing stage.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (19,635.)

£5,750.

7 ACRES.

FARNHAM

Lovely secluded position. ¾ mile station.

CHARMING GEORGIAN STYLE HOUSE

Hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, 8 bedrooms. All main services.

Septic tank drainage. Telephone. Garage for 2. Tennis lawn. Lovely gardens, rockery, kitchen garden, paddock and woodland.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (13,473.)

WANTED TO PURCHASE within 10/12 miles Cranleigh (distance station immaterial) nice Country House, preferably old, 5/6 bed, main services liked. Minimum 5 acres.—"S." TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1.

£3,000. EARLY INSPECTION ADVISED

WORCS.—HEREFORDS—SALOP

Borders, 15 miles Worcester, 7 Tenbury.

COUNTRY HOUSE (BUILT 1858) ELIZABETHAN STYLE

11 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception. Garage. 2 cottages. Stabling. Gardens of 2 acres and paddock.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (3796.)

35 UP TO 250 ACRES

SUSSEX

LOVELY OLD MANOR HOUSE

FULL OF OLD OAK AND OTHER FEATURES.

3 reception, 3 bathrooms, 7 bedrooms.

Electric light. New drainage. Telephone. "Aga" cooker.

Stabling. Garages. 2 Excellent Cottages.

Farmbuildings.

SECONDARY HOUSE (2 reception, bath, 4 bedrooms).

110 ACRES pasture, remainder arable and wood.

FOR SALE with from 35 Acres upwards.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,249.)

£2,300

(Half can remain on Mortgage.)

SOUTH DEVON

Near KINGSBRIDGE

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE

Billiard room, 2 reception, 2 bathrooms, 5 bedrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Telephone.

Garage. Gardens, kitchen garden. 1 ACRE. 4-5 acres adjoining can be had.

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (20,581.)

450 ACRES

HEREFORDS

Salmon Fishing in Wye, also Trout and Grayling.

MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

7 bed, 3 bath, lounge hall, 3 reception.

Electric light. "Aga" cooker. Excellent water.

Garages. Stabling for Hunters. Excellent farm buildings, 7 Cottages.

CHARMING GROUNDS, orcharding, pasture and arable.

All well farmed and in first-class condition.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (6186.)

Telephone No.:
Regent 4384.

OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE STREET,
PICCADILLY, W.1

NEAR HORSHAM

In a delightful setting about 400ft. up and commanding beautiful views.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD FARMHOUSE
with hall, 2 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom;
Company's electric light and water.

ONLY £2,000 WITH 7 ACRES
More land available.

Full details from OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2218.)

ADJOINING A SURREY COMMON

In a high healthy position on sandy soil.

AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE
with 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

All main services. Central heating.

Delightful Gardens with some woodland intercepted by a stream; in all **ABOUT 3½ ACRES.**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M.2192.)

UNDER 40 MILES FROM LONDON

A charming Old House of Character, dating from the 17th Century and containing many fine period features.

3 reception, 6-7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Main services. Central heating.

Expensive gardens, prolific orchard, paddock, etc.

ABOUT 8 ACRES.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (17,160)

SUSSEX — Adjoining Golf Course.

700ft. up with fine panoramic views over Ashdown Forest.

A DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE
BUILT IN THE TUDOR STYLE



Hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Thoroughly up-to-date and labour-saving, with all main services, central heating, lav. basins in bedrooms, etc.

Charming Gardens and Grounds, including lawns, rose and rock gardens, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc.; in all **ABOUT 2 ACRES.**

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER. (M. 1945.)

2 HOURS FROM LONDON

Famous Game District.

COMPACT AGRICULTURAL ESTATE
OF ABOUT
2,000 ACRES

Numerous farms and holdings well let and showing excellent return.

Privately For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

IN THE FAR WEST COUNTRY

Secluded and amidst beautiful scenery.

AN ATTRACTIVE HEAVILY WOODED
ESTATE OF ABOUT

1,200 ACRES

Excellent return from Agricultural portion.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD.

Details, Plan, etc., from OSBORN & MERCER.

ATTRACTIVE LANDED INVESTMENT

SUFFOLK. IN A CAPITAL AGRICULTURAL
AND SPORTING NEIGHBOURHOOD, NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS AND NEWMARKET.

ABOUT 1,200 ACRES

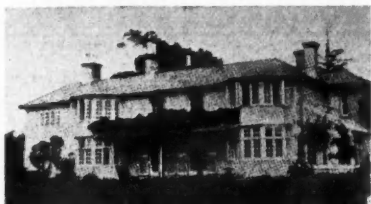
with superior principal Residence, 2 excellent Farm-houses. Adequate buildings. Numerous Cottages.

For Sale by OSBORN & MERCER.

HANTS

In a high and bracing district, adjoining miles of lovely unspoilt country.

A Delightful Residence of Georgian Character



Up-to-date. Near good golf.

Square hall, 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Modern Conveniences.

Lodge. Stabling, etc.

Delightful well-timbered Gardens, inexpensive of upkeep, orchard, paddocks, etc.; in all about

10 ACRES

Price substantially reduced in order to effect early sale.

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER.

(17,217.)

SALOP—CHESHIRE BORDERS

BEAUTIFUL ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE WITH CAPITAL DAIRY FARM. LONG STRETCH OF TROUT FISHING

The Residence stands high on sandy soil with southerly aspect, and has about 10 bedrooms, usual reception rooms, etc. Modern conveniences.

Cottages. Stabling. Splendid range of Farm-buildings.

Attractive pleasure gardens, parklands, rich, well-watered pastures, in all about

240 ACRES



For SALE by OSBORN & MERCER.

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032-33.

TWO FASCINATING OLD PERIOD HOUSES ON HIGH GROUND FACING DUE SOUTH

UNSPOILT COUNTRYSIDE.

EASY REACH OF MAIN LINE STATIONS.

LONDON 20 MILES



RESTORED FARMHOUSE OF EARLY TUDOR ORIGIN

Easily run with small staff. Secluded position away from roads. Lounge hall—a feature—24ft. x 21ft., 2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, beautiful period interior with oak beams, open fireplaces, etc. Main water and electricity. Radiators. Modern drainage. Range of Outbuildings forming courtyard, one being easily convertible into Cottage. Garages (3). Cottage. Dog kennels and runs (easily removable). **LOVELY GARDENS.** **OLD LAWNS.** **FINE TREES.**

Box and yew hedges, arbour, summer house, kitchen garden. High walls. Bomb-proof shelter. Woodland, Pasture and Arable.

ABOUT 50 ACRES (or less)

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

(12,548.)



PERFECTLY UNIQUE OLD-WORLD "DREAM" COTTAGE

In spotless order and condition. Approached from quiet lane. 3 sitting rooms, 3 bedrooms, modern bathroom. Oak-beamed interior. Open fireplaces. Main water and electricity—radiators. GARAGE. QUIANT COTTAGE. DOVECOTE. Deep bomb-proof shelter exceedingly well-made. ROCK GARDEN A DISTINCTIVE FEATURE with small cascades to pool below, pergola, crazy paving, tennis lawn, Kitchen, paddock. Shady trees.

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

ONLY £2,500

to include all fixtures, fittings, curtains, carpets, linoleum, etc.

(12,525.)

Both of these unique properties are most confidently recommended from personal knowledge by the Agents: Messrs. RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, as above.

HIGH COTSWOLDS

Secluded and retired position on the outskirts of small town.

CHARMING COTSWOLD RESIDENCE

9 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms.

Main services. Stabling and Garages.

Delightful well-timbered grounds. Enclosures of Pastureland, in all about

15 ACRES

FREEHOLD £5,500

BUCKS

Conveniently situated for station and market towns.

FIRST CLASS FEEDING FARM

EXTENDING TO ABOUT

195 ACRES

Bounded by the River Ouse and lying within a ring fence.

SMALL HISTORICAL MANOR HOUSE

AMPLE BUILDINGS. 3 COTTAGES.

Vacant possession.

FREEHOLD £9,000

(Outgoings £35 p.a.)

CHILTERN HILLS

Under 30 miles London.

UNIQUE PERIOD HOUSE
OF THE XVTH CENTURY

RESTORED AND MODERNISED AT GREAT EXPENSE.

8 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms.

Main electricity and water.

GARAGES. STABLING.

Lovely old-world gardens. Orchard and Paddocks.

OVER 7 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Full details of the above, apply RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, London, W.1. (GRO. 1032-33.)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.:
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
68, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

BERKS HISTORIC ABBEY

Dating from 14th and 16th centuries.



FOR SALE FREEHOLD

THIS MAGNIFICENT OLD RESIDENCE, having fine Banqueting Hall with Minstrels' Gallery, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, usual offices. Garage. Lovely old grounds with frontage to river. 2 cottages, etc.

In all about 7 ACRES

All particulars and price of GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C.4961.)

38 MILES LONDON

For Business, Scholastic or similar purpose.



SPACIOUS MODERN MANSION

In accessible position, facing village green.

33 bed, 7 bath, 4 rec. rooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage. 6-roomed Lodge.

6 ACRES.

FOR SALE.

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D.2402.)

NEWBURY AND BASINGSTOKE

Amidst lovely, well-timbered country.



MODERNISED GEORGIAN HOUSE

12 bed, 4 bath, 4 reception and billiard room; main electricity; part central heating; main water being connected; stabling; garage; farmery.

WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PASTURE

15 ACRES. FOR SALE. MIGHT BE LET FURNISHED. GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4377)

44, ST. JAMES'S
PLACE, S.W.1.

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

AGENTS FOR THE HOME COUNTIES, THE SHIRES
AND SPORTING COUNTIES GENERALLY

Telephone:
Regent 0911

WILTSHIRE

In a first-rate district 2 hours by Express from London.



300ft. above sea-level. Southern aspect; magnificent distant views. Situated in small but well-timbered park and surrounded by its own lands of about

160 ACRES

Hall and 3 sitting-rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, servants' hall. Electric light and central heating. Abundant water; septic tank drainage. Independent hot water. Simple gardens. Excellent stabling and garage accommodation; also farm buildings, lodge and 2 cottages.

Vacant possession on completion of purchase of residence and land and 2 of the cottages. A most moderate price has been fixed to ensure immediate sale. Inspected and recommended by Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R. 5158.)

10 MILES FROM NEWBURY

OF TUDOR ORIGIN, modernised and in first-rate order. Away from noise of road traffic and railways, omnibus passes property. Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 6 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom. Electric light, independent hot water system (new). Garage and stabling. About

4 ACRES

PRICE £3,750 FREEHOLD (with vacant possession). Including some fitted carpets, linos, curtains, electric fittings, etc. Other furniture may be had if required. JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,821.)

DEVONSHIRE

£3,500 FREEHOLD.—Near Station and bus route; splendid sporting district; 400ft. up; southern aspect; lovely panoramic views. Stone-built RESIDENCE, away from main roads. Hall and 3 sitting rooms, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Modern conveniences. 2 lodges and cottage; excellent out-buildings. Charming grounds and meadowland. Total area ABOUT 14 ACRES. Owner's Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1. (L.R.19,618.)

Telephone:
Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

SOMERSET AN ATTRACTIVE JACOBINE-STYLE HOUSE

with stone tiled roof, in perfect order. Hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Main electric light and power. Garage. Stabling. 2 cottages. Excellent gardens. Walled kitchen garden.

ABOUT 12 ACRES
FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WILTS. ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE IN MINIATURE

2 halls, 4 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Every convenience and comfort. Garage. Stabling. 2 Lodges. Lovely gardens and park.

ABOUT 84 ACRES
FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Sole Agents:
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

SURREY

Within reach of Guildford.

A fine old 17th CENTURY FARMHOUSE with many period features, carefully modernised. Hall, 3/4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, excellent offices with "Aga" cooker. Main water, electric light and power. Central heating. Garage. Beautiful gardens and grounds.

ABOUT 4 ACRES

Fine Antique Furniture.

TO BE LET FURNISHED

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

WEST SUSSEX

In beautiful position with magnificent views. Hall, lounge, and 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms. Excellent offices. Central heating. Constant hot water. Main electric light and power. Lodge. Garage. Excellent Cottage. Lovely gardens.

ABOUT 43 ACRES

FOR SALE OR TO BE LET FURNISHED.

Sole Agents:
CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

IDEAL FOR LARGE COMMERCIAL ORGANISATION LARGE WEST COUNTRY MANSION

containing about 40 bedrooms and ample bathrooms. Several cottages.

ABOUT 200 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE PRIVATELY, WITH THE FURNITURE.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

BERKSHIRE

SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL OR OFFICES. ATTRACTIVE SQUARE-BUILT HOUSE containing 4 reception rooms, billiard room, conservatory, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; usual offices, including servants' hall. Also 5 rooms in semi-basement. Lodge. Excellent stabling. Garage for 3 cars. Chauffeur's quarters. In all about 6 Acres.

PRICE £15,000

A further 16 Acres including a model farmery and 4 cottages can be had if required.

Agents: CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

CHELTENHAM AND NORTH COTSWOLDS

G. H. BAYLEY & SONS

(Established over three-quarters of a Century). ESTATE AGENTS, SURVEYORS, AUCTIONEERS. 27, PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM. (Tel: 2102.)

SALISBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS MYDDELTON & MAJOR, F.A.I., SALISBURY.

FOR SHROPSHIRE, HEREFORD, WORCS., etc., and MID WALES, apply leading Agents: (Phone: 2061.) CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS & HARRISON, SHREWSBURY.

NEW EDITION NOW READY DEVON AND S. & W. COUNTIES

THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER.

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,

(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

5, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CURTIS & HENSON

Telephones :
Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).
ESTABLISHED 1875.

HERTFORDSHIRE

Knebworth 4½ miles.



SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT HOUSE

High up and with extensive views over unspoilt country.

Large Hall, 3 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.
Company's Electricity. Double Garage. Cottage.
Tennis Court. Grass tennis court.
Beautiful Pleasure Grounds.
Well-stocked Vegetable Garden and Orchard. 2 Paddocks.
In all about

12 ACRES

TO LET UNFURNISHED OR FOR SALE FREEHOLD.
CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (12,306.)

DEVONSHIRE

on the South Coast.

GREY STONE RESIDENCE

Luxuriously furnished. Roof Garden. Lift and deep, air-conditioned A.R.P. apartments.

3 reception rooms, servants' hall, kitchen, pantry and flower rooms.

4 principal bedrooms with 2 large bathrooms. 3 servants' bedrooms and bathroom. 5 additional rooms.

Electric light.

Garage for 4 cars.

Delightful Grounds. Rockeries and flower beds neatly and unusually arranged.

TO LET FURNISHED

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,195.)

SUSSEX

Near Rudgwick.



QUEEN ANNE MANOR HOUSE

Built of old mellow bricks and tiled roof. Near to village and convenient to Horsham.

5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms.
Company's Electric Light and Water. Central heating.
Stabling. Garage and Outbuildings. Gymnasium.
Entrance Lodge and 2 Cottages.
Squash Racquet Court.

Old world gardens. Hard and grass tennis courts. Excellent kitchen garden. Orchard, pasture and woodland, in all nearly

72 ACRES. TO LET FURNISHED.

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (13,801.)

HERTFORDSHIRE

Chorleywood district.

MODERN RESIDENCE

built of the best materials.

LOUNGE HALL,
2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 6 BEDROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS.

Central heating. Company's water supply.

GARAGE AND OUTBUILDINGS.

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS

tennis court, sunk lawn, lovely rock garden, vegetable garden; in all nearly

2 ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Apply: CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,151.)

SOMERSETSHIRE

Yeovil 7 miles.

STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

with old mullioned windows, standing in finely timbered grounds.

4 reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' sitting room and domestic offices.

Electric light. Main water.

EXTENSIVE GARAGE AND STABLING.

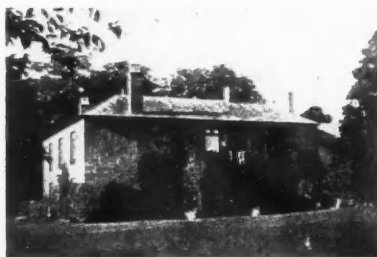
Gardener's cottage and outbuildings.

CHARMING GARDENS AND GROUNDS

interspersed with matured specimen timber trees, walled kitchen garden and pastureland; in all about 9½ ACRES.

PRICE £3,250 FREEHOLD

CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (16,325.)



F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481

W. RIDING OF YORKSHIRE

Between Keighley and Ilkley Moor, not far from the Lancashire border and the Charlotte Bronte country.

For Sale, with attractive walled-in grounds of over

3 ACRES

a luxuriously appointed

STONE-BUILT HOUSE of the ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.



One of considerable character, well placed on a South slope with expansive views. Equipped with central heating, all main services, in perfect order, and containing oak-panelled lounge hall, large drawing room, dining room, 7 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, model kitchen quarters; double garage; close to two golf courses and convenient for Halifax, Bradford and Leeds.

FREEHOLD £5,000.

Early possession.

Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, F. L. MERCER & Co., 40, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Tel., Regent 2481.

A BEAUTIFULLY EQUIPPED PROPERTY IN WEST SURREY

350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. ON SAND AND GRAVEL SOIL. COMMANDING EXTENSIVE VIEWS.



50 MINUTES BY RAIL FROM WATERLOO.

Planned for labour saving.

Fitted basins in bedrooms. All main services connected. Central heating.

Fine oak-timbered lounge nearly 30ft. long, 2 other reception rooms, sun room, 7 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Company's electric light, gas and water. Main drainage. Essee cooker.

2 GARAGES.

Flat roof for sun bathing.

Inexpensive gardens which form a natural sylvan setting.

2½ ACRES

FOR SALE FREEHOLD



Agents: F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Entrance in Sackville Street.) Tel.: Regent 2481.

(For continuation of F. L. MERCER & Co.'s advertisements see page xi.)

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

WILSON & CO.

Telephone :
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines).

IN A HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE

5 miles from Basingstoke.



On 2 floors only. 8 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 good reception. Main electricity. Stabling. Garage. MODERN COTTAGE. Well timbered gardens of

**2½ ACRES
ONLY 3,000 GUINEAS**

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

45 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON

Lovely unspoiled locality.



Singularly charming old house with interesting features. 8 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 reception. Main electric light and water. Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Delightful gardens and paddocks.

**6 ACRES
FOR SALE**

OR WOULD BE LET, FURNISHED.
Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

ON A SURREY COMMON

In rural surroundings. 1 hour London.



In excellent order throughout; electric light, main water, central heating, etc. 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, 3 reception. Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Finely timbered gardens.

ONLY £3,400 WITH 2 ACRES

Agents: WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

YORKSHIRE. HIGH UP WITH SUPERB VIEWS. EASY REACH OF YORK



Beautifully Appointed STONE-BUILT HOUSE

In splendid order. Up to date in every respect.

Electricity. Radiators throughout. Wash basins (h. & c.) to bedrooms. 4 charming reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 baths. Stabling. Garages. Cottage.

DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.
Woodland and Paddocks.

16 ACRES. FOR SALE.

Sole Agents: WILSON & Co.,
14, Mount Street, London, W.1.

Personally inspected and recommended.



184, BROMPTON RD.,
LONDON, S.W.3

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Temp. Evac. Office:
25, NEED CRESCENT,
WEMBLEY (Tel.: 1698.)

VERY GREAT BARGAIN

Near Taunton, Somerset

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

of Ham stone with mullioned windows. 3 reception, 8 bed, 2 baths; main services; every convenience; "Esse" cooker, etc.; stabling, cottage; lovely gardens; fine timber; paddock; 10 ACRES.

FIRST TO OFFER £3,000 SECURES

(Little over half cost.)

GREATEST BARGAIN IN MARKET

Sole Agents, BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY. (Reply to Wembley address, as above.) (Tel.: 1698.)

HERTS—ONE HOUR LONDON

GENTLEMAN'S MODEL DAIRY AND STOCK FARM

50 ACRES. ALL PASTURE

Bounded by very pretty river.

CHARMING XVIIth CENTURY RESIDENCE, in absolute perfect order; every convenience; full of oak and period features; hall, 2 large reception, 4 excellent bedrooms, bath.

All main services.

Very fine modern equipped farmbuildings.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD ONLY £3,500

Sole Agents, BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY. (Reply to Wembley address, as above.)

WANTED AND WANTED NOW

A Good Price for Possession by JUNE 24

anywhere other than East; up to 150 miles London.

6-8 bed, 3 reception; large rooms especially wanted; must have outbuildings, barn, &c.

30-50 ACRES

Any owner wanting to sell, please communicate at once to Buyer's Agents, BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 25, Need Crescent, Wembley. Tel. 1698.

FARMS WITH POSSESSION

OXON.—WARWICKS BORDERS. BANBURY 10 MILES. Healthy Sheep Stock Farm, 220 acres. Stone-built Farmhouse, good Buildings. No Tithe. Freehold only £4,400.

N. WALES. Splendid Farm, 250 acres. All good level land, 160 pasture, 75 arable, 10 wood, mostly oak. Lake of 4 acres. Nice Farmhouse. Cottage. Only £4,000. Gentleman's residence adjoining could be purchased if required.

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WILL GENTLEMAN let acre or two of land with some accommodation, to one wishing to cultivate.
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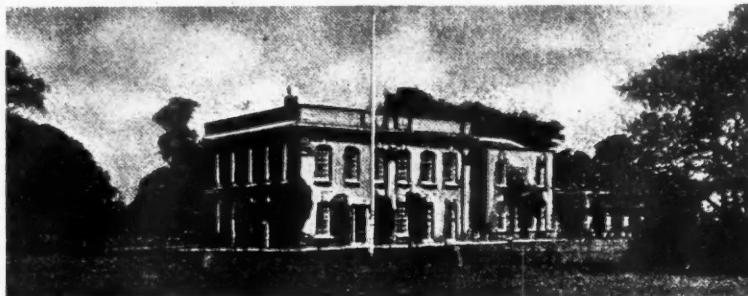
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IN PERFECT ORDER AND READY
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facing South, with extensive views; 3 spacious reception,
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with good houses and ample farm buildings,
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29 ENCLOSURES OF ACCOMMODATION
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THE OLD RECTORY, CROFTON.
CROFTON PARKS, LAKE AND
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the whole extending to an area of just over
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(Independent boiler.)

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Garage for 3 cars. Glasshouses.

Tastefully arranged Gardens and
Grounds. Productive kitchen garden,
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land; the whole extending to an area of
about

37 ACRES

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CLOSE TO THE BORDERS OF THE NEW FOREST.

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THIS DELIGHTFUL SMALL
RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

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6 principal bedrooms, 4 servants' rooms,
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rooms, billiards room, maids' sitting
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GARAGE FOR SEVERAL CARS.

STABLING. OUTBUILDINGS.

2 BUNGALOWS. 2 COTTAGES.

THE GROUNDS include pleasure
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PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD

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**EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE**

in splendid order and condition throughout, and replete with every necessary modern convenience.

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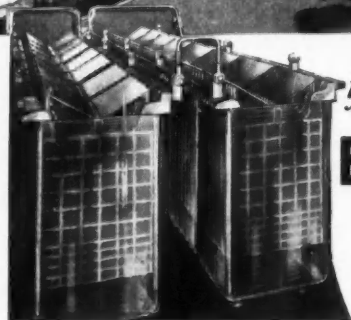
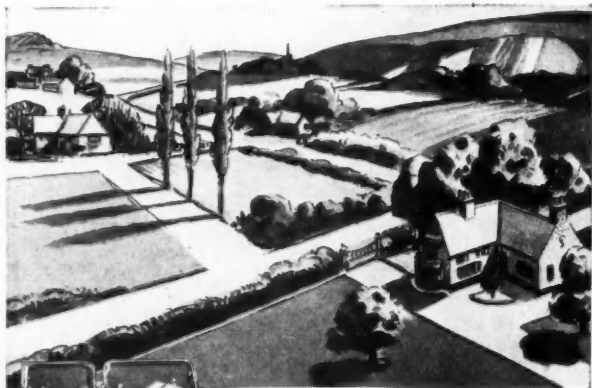
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COUNTRY LIFE

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1941

Vol. LXXXIX. No. 2312



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A new portrait by Gerald Kelly, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy

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COUNTRY LIFE

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Telegrams : "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON. Telephone : TEMPLE BAR 7351
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"Country Life" Crossword No. 589 p. xix.

POSTAL CHARGES.—The Editor reminds correspondents and contributors that any communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. Notice is given that MSS. submitted will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

POSTAGES ON THIS ISSUE: INLAND 2½d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 2½d.

THE COW AND THE MACHINE

A FEW weeks ago we made some observations on the use of grassland in war-time. We gave reasons why the Ministry of Agriculture's ploughing-up policy is the right policy under present conditions, but urged that much more should be done to draw on the rich reserve of protein and other valuable foods stored in young grass. We pointed out that owing to the increasing shortage of meat and cheese the greatest danger to the nation's diet is a protein deficiency, and that this deficiency can be partly overcome by extracting protein from grass by mechanical means, and incorporating it in bread, soups, and so on. Finally we emphasised that grass in its raw state is unsuitable for human consumption owing to the mass of indigestible fibre it contains. In view of a recent wireless talk it is perhaps advisable to repeat that warning now.

To the layman talk of protein conversion has a forbidding sound, and in normal times it might well be left to the biochemists and dieticians. To-day, however, its importance for all of us should need no emphasis, and our return to it no apology. Proteins are one of the three essential constituents of all animal food: the others are carbohydrates, such as starch and sugar, and fats. White of egg, the casein of milk, and the creatin of meat are all proteinous. Grass, if properly looked after, produces more protein to the acre than any other normal crop. One acre will yield 1,200lb. in a year, compared with 870lb. from kale and cabbage, 450lb. from an average crop of peas, beans and potatoes, 264lb. from wheat, barley and oats (grain and straw), and only 100lb. from hay. (It must of course be remembered that some of these crops—notably potatoes and the grains—are grown primarily for carbohydrate and not for protein.) It is perhaps not generally realised that nearly two-thirds of the surface of England and Wales is under either grass or crops (excluding rough grazings) and that of this acreage 72 per cent., or nearly 18,000,000 acres, is under permanent or rotation grass. Whatever else we may be short of, therefore, we are seldom short of grass. Now although the cow impressed Stevenson as a friendly creature who gives us milk with all her might, she is in fact a wasteful and inefficient converter of protein into milk and meat. Give her a hundred pounds of fodder, and if she is a good milker actually in milk she will yield 30 to 40 per cent. of it in the form of milk protein. But if dry periods are taken into account, and the amount of food consumed in bringing her up to the milking age, her yield averages only about 15 per cent. The pig, hen and ox are still less efficient. They give us back less than 10lb. for every 100lb. they consume.

So much for the cow. Now let us turn to the machine. Hitherto no one has attempted to produce leaf protein on a large scale, but much thought has been devoted to the subject, and patents have actually been taken out for different types of crushing machinery. Some laboratory experiments have had disappointing results, but the results of others leave no doubt that a suitable process is not only practicable, but economically attractive. It is easy, we are told, to extract 30 per cent. of the protein from leaves by mechanical means, and possible to extract 70 per cent. Thirty per cent. would probably be the figure aimed at in commercial production. The remaining 70 per cent. would remain entangled with the fibre, and could be fed to stock in the ordinary way. Analysis has shown that such leaf proteins as have so far been extracted contain all the aminoacids of known nutritional importance, in amounts comparable to those found in animal, or so-called first-class,

proteins. But leaf protein is much the cheaper. At a rough estimate, it should never cost more than 1s. 6d. a pound, compared with 10s. a pound for meat protein and 5s. a pound for cheese protein. It would probably be marketed as a fine, pale, tasteless powder which could readily be used to fortify bread and other made-up foods.

It has been estimated that it would take fifteen journeys by a 10,000-ton cargo boat to import, in the form of cheese or meat, one gram of protein per day per head of the population of England, Wales and Scotland, over a period of one year. The same amount of protein—which is about one-hundredth part of the nation's normal requirement—could be prepared from the grass grown on between 100,000 and 200,000 acres, if properly tended. Probably 2,000 tons of steel would be needed for the milling machinery, compared with the 4,000 tons or so embodied in a ship of 10,000 tons. But as it is unlikely that one ship alone could make fifteen journeys in a year, the consumption of steel under the policy of importation may be taken as 8,000 tons, or four times as much as under the policy of home production.

We may have good reason to remember these figures before the summer is past. The Ministry of Food has many able advisers, it is to be hoped that they are devoting serious attention to this immense supplementary food reserve, which can be drawn upon at so little cost, and which might mean so much to the well-being of our people.

ENGLISH FOR THE FORCES

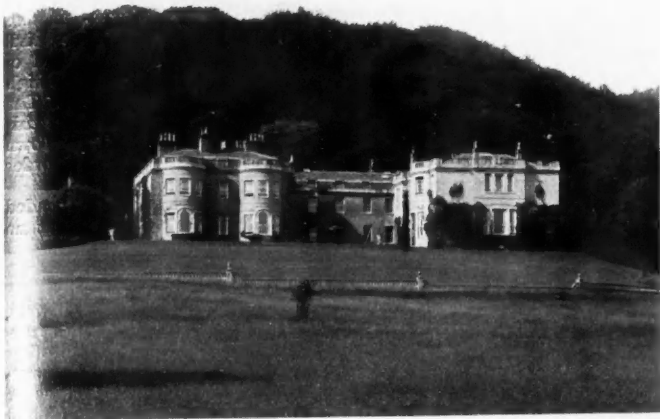
ANYBODY who has given serious attention to the earlier works of Mr. Eric Partridge—now of the Army Educational Corps—might be pardoned for observing that the best keeper is the old poacher. There must be many who served for years in the last war, and, but for Mr. Partridge, might still be innocent (or ignorant) of the full resources of the English language in war-time. But obviously the man who told you, so exactly, what your father said to the sergeant is as well equipped as anyone to tell the sergeant what not to say to you. "It does not help a squad," he says in a recently issued pamphlet on *The Teaching of English in His Majesty's Forces*, "if a sergeant, very intent on what he is doing, does not think of what he is saying." We have most of us long agreed with this; but perhaps it would be unwise or indelicate to pursue the matter further. To talk more seriously, the question Mr. Partridge asks is this: "Is there, in the course of training, time for the teaching of English?" "I do not say," he goes on, "that English is more important than piloting to an airman, ballistics to an artilleryman or a naval gunner, the use of a rifle or Bren gun to an infantryman, or navigation to a sailor; but I do say that . . . in the educational programme laid down for the members of His Majesty's Forces, it should be regarded, and, what is more urgent, treated in practice, as the most important of all subjects." That should be as clear as the day is long. Ideas can be communicated only by written or printed word or word of mouth, and the practice of warfare makes them almost equally important. If some instructors and persons in command are not able to make themselves plain in their own language—and obviously they sometimes are not—that is no reason why those who have to act on their instructions should not be given a sound chance of understanding the others who can. Mr. Partridge develops this side of the subject, and his remarks, as one would expect, are not only lucid but a delight to read.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE

THIS war will undoubtedly produce many wonderful stories of escapes. Some have already been published, and one of the most remarkable of these is told by Major J. C. Windsor Lewis, D.S.O., Welsh Guards, in the current number of the *Household Brigade Magazine*. Major Lewis was missing and, it turns out, wounded after the evacuation from Boulogne. Before he was fully recovered he succeeded on July 13 in escaping from hospital at Liege dressed as a Belgian workman, and, with £2 in Belgian money borrowed from a kind citizen of Liege, set himself to reach Portugal or the Riviera via Paris. Weak as he was, various brave Belgians helped him along or housed him, and he entered Occupied France posing as an American refugee who had lost his papers. After some bad days and nights in the French battlefields he actually got a lift from the driver of a German lorry from Noyon to the outskirts of Paris. There he found friends with whom he stayed a fortnight, revisiting old haunts now so sadly changed, then set out as chauffeur to his friend to motor into Unoccupied France where, in contrast to the north, "there appeared a complete absence of any law or order." Marseilles, which he reached by train, offered no hope of a boat, so he drifted along the Riviera, finding friends to stay with while he concocted plans for either getting away by motor boat or procuring the necessary visas for Spain. Both failed, and he had actually got over the Pyrenees by a high pass when Spanish patrols turned him back. But as he was about to board a boat from Marseilles to Brazil, the long-awaited Spanish visa arrived and he travelled unchallenged through to Lisbon, getting back to London on December 5.

THE LONDON LIBRARY

ST. JAMES'S SQUARE has encountered a good many vicissitudes of late. Norfolk House has ceased to be what it was; Chatham House has been evacuated to Oxford, and all the clubs in the neighbourhood have been playing a frantic game of musical chairs for years past. One great institution remains firmly fixed in its place. It is a hundred and one years since Thomas Carlyle broke his rule that



WOLVINGTON PARK AT THE FOOT OF DUNCTON DOWN

Mr. Euan Wallace is selling most of this Sussex estate, though not the house made famous by the late Lord Woolavington's Stud. The property is one of the four that hitherto have preserved so much of West Sussex, the others being Arundel, Petworth and Cowdray.

Once was golden and made the rash assertion that "a collection of old books contains all the nobleness and wisdom of the world before the Flood." The collection, which began to get together a year later, still grows and matures, yields its uses and delights to thousands, and challenges comparison, so far as vintage and variety are concerned, with the treasures in the cellars of any of its neighbours. To the connoisseur, in fact, it needs no recommendation. There is need however to see that neither war-time apathy nor war-time activity destroys it. So far it has lost some windows and a few hundred members. Both troubles are easily remedied: the second as easily as the first. Everybody who has a serious interest in the use of books realised that an amazing treasure-house is at his disposal for the asking—or a little more—there would be ten times the present number of members. If those who do not join the Library because they are afraid it is only for highbrows could be assured that the lighter side of literature is far better cultivated in St. James's Square than in the local drug store, there might be many thousands more. The names of the Prince Consort and Mr. Gladstone need not terrify us lowbrows—they had their moments of relaxation—and it should be remembered that when they were both young and enthusiastic, Thackeray was their Treasurer and held the purse-strings of the Library. We have no doubt that its future is assured for at least another hundred years, and our only and great regret is that Sir Charles Hagberg Wright, who did so much to make it what it is, is no longer here to enjoy the centenary triumph.

SPRING HOLIDAY

WE have gathered much
These few short hours,
And though decay may touch
This skylark and these flowers,
There will be other Springs,
And birds shall still
Open their trembling wings
Over the breathless hill.

Yet Time, go slowly, for,
When this Spring dies,
We shall return no more,
And other eyes
May never be aware
Of our faint track;
We left no footprints there
And no way back.

DOROTHY GIBSON.

SILAGE

THOUGH at times like these countrymen watch the brown earth for that first glint of emerald which shows that the corn has broken through, and talk as though Nature were the hardest and most unyielding of mistresses, they know in their hearts that one of their troubles arises from her very profligacy. If all the food for man or beast which she affords, even in these islands, could be "rationalised," as the modern saying is, according to the farmers' needs, we need never run short. But her bounty is so unequally spread and the business of reaping it has to be so concentrated that a great deal of it is inevitably wasted. This is particularly true with regard to the greenstuff which might give us almost all the cattle food we need, but which, in practice, is either grazed or dried or lost. It is too valuable to be lost in these days and farmers would do well to take every advantage of the silage instruction offered them last week by the Minister of Agriculture. "The issue before you is a vital one," says the Minister. "As next winter approaches the question will be 'How can I feed my stock?' One answer is silage. Grass silage, if you make it right, has all the qualities of young growing grass. For the sake of your cattle, for the sake of your pocket, and for the sake of preserving all we can of our livestock and dairy herds during the difficult months of next winter, treat this silage question with all possible seriousness. Make the silage while you can and be safe." Last year's educational campaign on the subject was by no means without effect, but there are still those who hesitated to embark on a new venture, and we hope they may be converted to wisdom by the "Silage Instruction Vans" which will visit market towns, villages and hamlets all over the country during the next three months.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

Rat Holocausts—Retaliation—Unsporting Surrenders—A Lamentable Lapse—Scarecrow Masterpiece.

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

THE great increase in the number of rats in the country of recent years makes one wonder at the cause: the disappearance from our midst of the professional rat-catcher, the elimination of the old-type varminty dog by the show-bench breeder, inefficient farming, or what? In the more prosperous days of farming—if the farmer will admit there was ever such an Arcadian state of affairs—it was the habit to leave corn in the stack for a far longer period than is the case at the present time. To-day the farmer with his heavy wage bill cannot allow money in the form of unthreshed corn to lie idle for long, and so the thresher is at work very shortly after the harvest to turn the wheat, oats and barley into cash at the earliest moment.

Thirty or more years ago it was quite usual to leave a stack untouched for a year or even longer, and when threshing took place there was a veritable holocaust of rats. If the stack was properly wired in before operations started, and clever terriers employed, it was not in any way remarkable for a kill in the neighbourhood of 200 to be made by the time the last of the faggot foundations had been removed. As a corn stack provides dry and warm quarters with an ever-present supply of foodstuffs, practically all the rats in the vicinity were found congregated within, so that at threshing time almost the entire vermin population of a farm would be destroyed in a day.

This was a most satisfactory state of affairs, but against it of course was the debit item of the corn consumed or rendered musty during the long period of rodent occupation. However, if rats are not eating corn in the stack it can be taken for granted they are creating damage to the same extent elsewhere on the farm, and it is a question whether this change of custom and the failure to effect big kills are not partly responsible for the huge increase in this vermin during the last 25 years.

* * *

WHEN I was stationed as a subaltern in Dorchester in easy Edwardian days I discovered in a field on the downs overlooking Upwey a stack of wheat that the farmer had failed to thresh for some three years—he must have forgotten its existence—and the sickening stench of rat that proclaimed itself "gainst the wind a mile" attracted my attention. In those days I had an Irish terrier bitch, who had only one idea in her long red head—rat killing—and it was her violent reactions to the stack that brought me there the following day with my batman and a good working ferret. We put the ferret in, and for the next five minutes there came from within a chorus of angry squeaks and that sinister rustling noise that an army of rats cause when they are moving in straw. Then the ferret came out again—red with blood from nose to tail—and after staggering feebly for a yard rolled over and died.

I went back to Dorchester swearing revenge. It was the end of the shooting season, and in those days this meant the flooding of the local market with unemployed ferrets, so that my batman was able to buy a dozen at prices ranging from 9d. to 1s. 3d. each. Like whisky the price of ferrets since 1914 has increased so enormously that the old-time values sound fantastic, but, though there is a very reasonable excuse for the increased price of alcohol, there is none in the case of ferrets.

* * *

THE following day we set forth with the ferrets in bags, every terrier from barracks and many helpers armed with sticks. In view of the great numbers of the enemy we held a council of war to decide on the plan of campaign, and decided that an attack in mass formation was indicated. So the 12 ferrets were all put in at one end—the main body at ground level with strong reconnoitring patrols six feet or more above. Almost immediately the rats began to bolt and, as they had to cross some 200 yards to the nearest hedgerow and safety, not one escaped.

Then, sensing the danger in the open, they began to run along the open corridors they had worn in the sides of the stack, but the Irish terrier leaping from the ground picked these off one by one, and she was a fast worker, for she dealt with a rat by one slashing bite that severed its spine.

The third stage of the battle occurred when the ferrets, working upwards, drove the rats through the stack until they emerged on the thatch, and here they were temporarily safe until one of the party climbed on to the ridge and knocked them off one by one with a long pole to the waiting terriers below.

When we ceased operations at dusk to apply Friar's Balsam to wounded ferrets and bitten dogs we had accounted for over 70 rats, and a second attack on the stack a week later resulted in another 50. On the third and last visit the ferrets when put into the holes ran right through to the other end almost immediately, looking up at us with that cold, accusing ferret stare which is so disconcerting and which says so obviously: "Why the devil do you waste a busy working-man's time on nonsense of this description?" The stack was entirely deserted, for the rat is far too cunning a creature to be caught napping three times, and the marvel was we had succeeded twice.

* * *

TALKING of the ferret's cold accusing stare, I wonder if other gunners experience that uncomfortable feeling of having failed most lamentably to come up to scratch when the little animal, having worked a bury assiduously, bolts the rabbit in the best possible fashion, and we miss it! A moment later the ferret appears at the mouth of the earth and looks at us, twitching her nose irritably, and if looks can speak she is saying: "For the love of Mike, don't tell me you missed that rabbit after all the trouble I've taken."

Another little point about ferreting is the explanation why it is

that on some days every rabbit will bolt immediately after the ferret has entered the earth, while on the following day practically every animal will allow itself to be slaughtered in the bury without the slightest attempt to escape. It is of course a recognised thing that this occurs, but nobody has endeavoured to throw any light on the mystery.

Last autumn in the north of Scotland, at the request of the farmers, we were systematically ferreting the rabbits in their surface buries along the stone walls that divide the fields. It was easy work for the ferrets, as, owing to the low-lying, sodden nature of the land, no deep earthen were possible, and the buries were merely short runs less than a foot below the surface with half a dozen exits. On some days three or four rabbits would shoot out of the various holes as the ferret gave herself the preliminary shake at the entrance before starting work; but the next day, when the same members, guns, dogs and ferrets were present, there would come a chorus of subterranean squeals, and work with the spade would disclose the fact that the whole rabbit family had been killed off one after another by the ferret. On these days, after this unsporting surrender had occurred twice, my host would accept the situation, send the ferrets back, and take us to search for snipe or to scan the various large flocks of peewits with the field-glasses to see if there were among them a flight of their more succulent cousins, the golden plover.

This also is in the nature of the inexplicable: why one member of the plover family should rank top of our wildfowl delicacies while the other, eating the same food and feeding in the same field, should be so far down the list as hardly to rank at all. This by the way is a blessing in disguise, for if there is one bird whose work is 100 per cent. good, and who should be rigidly protected, it is the green plover, or common peewit.

SOME officers, in fact quite a number of officers, have apparently been behaving in a manner calculated to hamper the successful prosecution of the war and to cause fear and despondency among the

troops and the civilian officials. Judging from a circular letter that is being sent round all units in our command, certain officers, who were carrying out duties that brought them into contact with the civil population, have been dealing with quite minor officials instead of with the town clerk of the area in question, who is the responsible high authority and to whom all communications should be addressed. The evil must have been very widespread and of such a nature that this reprehensible conduct has been taken up by the Society of Town Clerks—it is the first time I have heard of this body—and the order has gone forth that such irregularities must cease.

Quite a lot of time, clerical work and paper has been expended on this most essential order, and it is to be hoped sincerely that no further lamentable lapses of this description will occur.

A NEIGHBOUR of mine tells me he has never suffered from herons, and he attributed his freedom from the scourge to his two scarecrows, each of which guards half a mile of river. Although all other birds get on friendly, slap-shoulder terms with the most malignant-looking scarecrow in about ten days, the heron is not so wise as he appears, and a scarecrow always looks to him like a man. I must admit, however, that these scarecrows were veritable aristocrats of their race, and not the ordinary slipshod effigies one sees in cornfields and gardens. One of them was half-hidden in a bush, either to give the effect of a river-keeper stalking a heron or to disguise the fact that his trousers were not up to the standard of his coat. This was a masterpiece of the scarecrow-maker's art and suggested that the chauffeur who had built and tailored him, had attended a school of sculpture. He had a white face with a grim, toothy expression on it, a black Balkan moustache, a rakish hat with a jay's feather in the band, and there was something about his stance that suggested murder—and heron murder at that. Unfortunately, we have not all of us the time, craft, and necessary wardrobe to construct scarecrows of this calibre.

COUNTRY LIFE IN CAUTIONARY TALES

By M. CHRISTABEL DRAPER

BOOKS written for children at the beginning of the nineteenth century differ vastly from those published today. One finds in them a strong belief in the "natural wickedness" of young people, and a strong tendency to make use of all forms of country life in the cautionary tale.

Short extracts will be sufficient to illustrate these points and to show how far we have travelled since the day when those tales could be read with due solemnity. We cannot read them now without laughing; Lewis Carroll and Hilaire Belloc have seen to that! But in the old days it was different when books were so often presented to children for their moral guidance and not merely to amuse.

"All children are by nature evil," wrote the

stern authoress of *The Fairchild Family*, "and while they have nothing but the evil principle to guide them, pious and prudent parents must check their naughty passions in any way that they have in their power." Many people shared this view and wrote stories in prose and verse to point out the pitfalls which lay ahead of bad boys and girls.

The Little Prisoner, or Passion and Patience, by Agnes Strickland, is a good example of the dramatic prose tale. The first chapter opens with a shocking scene in a country house!

"Hark! What a noise there is below-stairs!" said Mrs. Charlton, laying down her work, and addressing her husband, who was writing at a table near her; "the servants are certainly quarrelling."

"I am afraid, Charlotte, it is Ferdinand committing some outrage," replied Captain Charlton; "that boy is so violent that if I do not find some means to soften his heart, and to tame his temper, he will grow up a pest to society and prove the sorrow of our future years."

"The tumult increases," said Mrs. Charlton; "do step down, and hear what is the matter."

Before Captain Charlton could comply with his lady's request, the door suddenly opened and a pretty fair boy, of 10 years of age, just put his head into the room and said in a voice of alarm "Dear Mama, do come and speak to Ferdinand; he is beating the cook with Philip's coach whip."

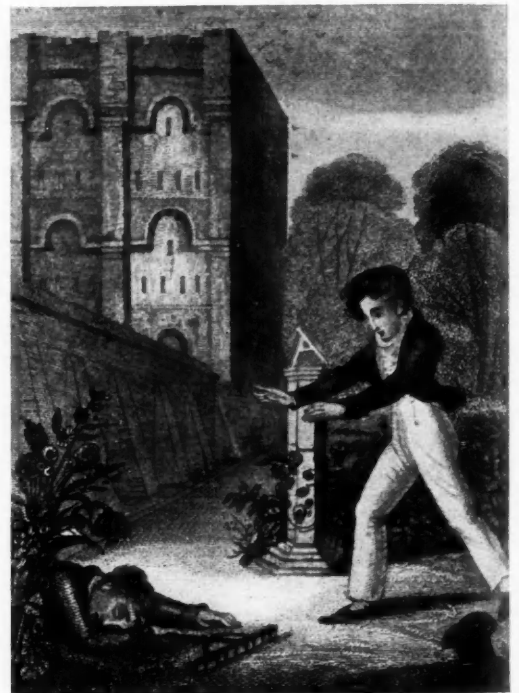
"Let me go to him," said Mr. Charlton, gently putting his wife from the door; "I think I will cure him of such tricks for the future."

"Pray, Henry, do not be too severe," cried the fond mother, seeing the colour heighten in her husband's face.

"I trust I can find a method of punishing him without blows," said Mr. Charlton, descending the staircase, followed by his eldest son!

What a sight met his eyes! For there was Ferdinand savagely biting the coachman, who had just managed to seize him and to wrench the great whip out of his hands. Captain Charlton packed the boy off to the Castle prison, but even here passion broke loose, for he stunned a teasing playfellow with a flint.

"Shall I always look like a bad boy?" this unhappy lad asked the prison governor one day.



NAUGHTY FERDINAND, IN A FIT OF RAGE, STUNS HIS PLAYMATE

(From Agnes Strickland's *The Little Prisoner, or Passion and Patience*)

"Doubtless, while you continue to act like one," returned Mr. Smeaton. . . . "Become amiable and good and you will look so."

Fortunately his little charge took this to heart, and, after some weeks of weary waiting he was thought fit to return home.

But children did not always return frequently they yielded to temptation which led them to a swift and tragic end, as in this story.

THE GIDDY GIRL

By ELIZABETH TURNER

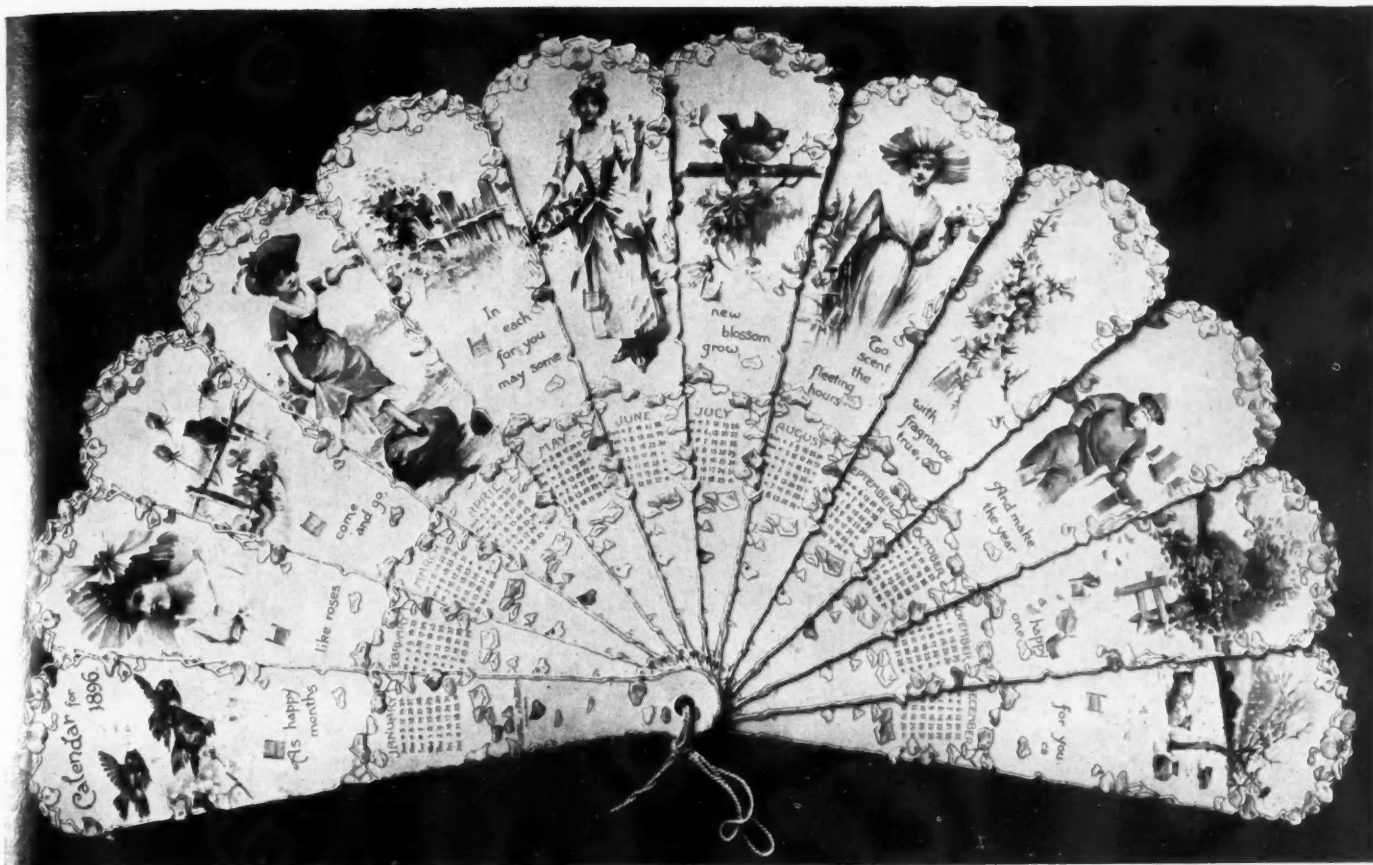
Miss Helen was always too giddy to heed What her mother had told her to shun, For frequently over the street at full speed She would cross where the carriages run.

And out she would go to a very deep well, To look at the water below; How naughty! to run to a dangerous well, Where her mother forbade her to go!



MR. RIGHT, THE RECTOR, IMPRESSES THE CHILDREN

(From *The Village School: a collection of entertaining histories for the instruction and amusement of all good children*)



"AS HAPPY MONTHS LIKE ROSES COME AND GO": A FAN CALENDAR FOR 1896

One morning, intending to take but one peep,
Her foot slipped away from the ground;
Unhappy misfortune! the water was deep,
And giddy Miss Helen was drowned!

Deep waters were often made use of in the moral tale.

They swim the river wide, nor think nor care;
The waters flow—
And by the current strong they carried are
Into the millstream now.

The mill-race, water-wheels, wells and the sea all claimed their victims. Wells seem to have been a constant source of danger: a delightful book, *The Village School, or a Collection of Entertaining Histories for the Instruction and Amusement of all good Children* (size 4in. x 3in.), which was written in very early days to increase in children the love of goodness and abhorrence of evil, contains the most moving account of one of these well tragedies.

It also contains a charming illustration and description of that mild country rector, Mr. Right, who gave up the rectory field to the children for play. When they fought there he gently enquired of them, "if it was not a shocking thing that a parcel of little boys and girls cannot play together without fighting?" After this they all passed by his parlour window making bows and curtsies, and to everyone "he gave a nice, round cake," as they went away.

In those calamitous days even a quiet lane could be full of danger, as the following tale shows:—

POISONOUS FRUIT

As Tommy and his sister Jane
Were walking down a shady lane,
They saw some berries bright and red,
That hung around and overhead.

And soon the bough they bended down,
To make the scarlet fruit their own;
And part they ate and part in play
They threw about and flung away.

But long they had not been at home
Before poor Jane and little Tom
Were taken, sick and ill, to bed,
And since, I've heard, they both are dead.

Alas! Had Tommy understood
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,
He might have walked with little Jane
Again along the shady lane.

Such verses have been imitated and parodied by many writers, Belloc included, and, though we may smile at them now, yet nothing

can rob the originals of their sincerity, or of a certain freshness and charm. Perhaps the way they were issued has something to do with the charm, for the best editions are in small, neat volumes with clear print and telling pictures to emphasise the important points. Sometimes there were colour plates in which, so Mr. Darton tells us, the colouring was done "by hand by regiments of children who dabbed on each one colour in one place." But frequently, in the earliest books, word-pictures took the place of illustrations, for it was not until the days of Kate Greenaway, Randolph Caldecott, Walter Crane and others that the real "picture book" came into its own.

Country life, as described in cautionary tales, was not quiet. It was full of shocking accidents which happened to bad children at every turn. Mercifully, however, there was another side to the picture, as sometimes children were good! When this occurred they were often given botany lessons by some affectionate relation, as in the illustration on the right.

This picture was taken from *Minor Morals*, interspersed with sketches of natural history, anecdotes and original stories, and arranged by Charlotte Smith in the form of dialogues. It was one of a great series of dialogue volumes of which the most popular was *The Peep of Day*, which has been translated into thirty-eight languages.

This best-seller, written by Miss Bevan, was first published in 1833, and on its centenary a nephew of the authoress gave in *The Times* a most interesting account of her life. He also wrote as follows of her "six or seven" orphans and her pets:

"Miss Bevan was sometimes autocratic in imposing upon those for whom she cared, children or

animals, her own ideas of what was for their good. She could not believe that it was good for her parrot never to rest its back, and when she took it to bed with her compelled it by slaps to lie on its back. The unhappy bird died, family tradition asserts, from being washed with soap and water and dried before the kitchen fire. She herself has described



THE PROGRESS OF A FLOWER
(From *Minor Morals*, one of Charlotte Smith's dialogues)



(Above) JACK WILL NEVER MAKE A GENTLEMAN; FAST BIND, FAST FIND.
(Below) GIVE A MAN LUCK AND THEN THROW HIM INTO THE SEA; LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Proverbs from *The Youth's Moral Pilot*.

in *Reading without Tears*, Vol. II, how the donkey was driven blindfold into the sea, still harnessed to the cart, because sea bathing was considered good for it, and how it swam in terror out to sea. The lamb was also subjected to sea-bathing; the problem of drying its soaked fleece my aunt solved with characteristic ingenuity: she had it buried for a time in the sand with only its neck protruding. She herself was a regular bather: the orphans were made to stand in a circle, holding up towels, with their backs inward, while she solemnly undressed in the middle."

Mrs. Trimmer was another woman with strong views on morality and the treatment of animals who also wrote books for children. Historians of juvenile literature tell us that her history of the Robins, which came out in 1786, was more popular in the nursery than Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. Three of the robins were called Dicksy, Flapsy and Pecksy. In this book there is a thrilling description of "the learned pig," who did addition sums and told the time before an admiring crowd in London.

A botany book, by Priscilla Wakefield, had reached a ninth edition by 1823. Cast in the form of letters and possessing several coloured diagrams, it cannot strictly be called a moral tale, yet there is plenty of moralising in it, as it was written to encourage the young in the study of Nature, "which is the most familiar means of introducing suitable ideas of the attributes of the Divine Being." At the end of the book is a poem of twenty-four verses by Sara Hoare, upon the pleasures of botanical pursuits.

Both boys and girls had "Nature" books. One by William Howitt was called *The Boy's Country Book* and was graced with small, dark, inset illustrations and tiny diagrams of "apple-mills" and jump-jacks made by a young countryman of great promise. If any child was fit to survive the perils of growing up he was, and yet, "in the mysterious plans of Providence, this excellent and gifted youth was called to another life at the early age of nineteen!"

This book, and many like it (including Hayley's *Ballads*, and works by Miss Martineau and Miss Edgeworth), were aimed at improving "young people" rather than children just out of the nursery. *Country Rhymes for Children*, said to have been written by John Bunyan, is delightful, but not as juvenile as it sounds.

Young children could, however, learn all about the busy bee in the *Divine Songs* of Dr Watts, and for light reading could turn to *The Butterfly's Ball*. Many were fortunate, too, in the possession of fascinating little volumes brought out by Anne and Jane Taylor, Mrs. Turner, and others, in which country activities were used to great advantage for the moral tale.

Here is an example of one of the *Rhymes of the Nursery* to be found in Miss Taylor's books.

THE CRUEL BOY AND THE KITTENS

What go to see those kittens drown'd,
On purpose in the yard!
I did not think there could be found
A little heart so hard.

Poor Kittens! No more pretty play
With pussy's wagging tail:
Oh! I'd go far enough away,
Before I'd see the pail.

Poor things! The little child that can
Be pleased to go
and see,
Most likely, when he
grows a man,
A cruel man will be.

And many a wicked
thing he'll do,
Because his heart is
hard;
A great deal worse
than killing you,
Poor kittens, in the
yard.

I have shown how country scenes usually attracted the moral-writer—children could get into such splendid scrapes when left to themselves out of doors—but sometimes an author would turn indoors for a change. In this way "A Mother," whose little green book lies in the Bodleian Library, hit upon a most unusual theme, *Cheese mites!* Her poem consists of a lively description of these Wonders of Nature in the course of which William is told:—

Some day if you are
good I hope
To let you see a
microscope.
Or magnifying
glass;
When at the mites
through it you
peep
You'll see them run,
and jump, and
leap,
And frolic as they
pass.

Yet another small book, *The Youth's Moral Pilot*, trusted that "proverbs, old sayings and nine coloured engravings," would steer the young clear of danger. A specimen of the engravings is given on the left. The originals are in bright, crude colours.

The conviction that youth must be steered sent authors hunting far and wide for guiding material. No proverb or fable escaped them. Bewick and other good artists helped with the illustrations of fables, and all these, in addition to the words and deeds of wise men and of heroes, were collected into books. Very soon boy heroes became the fashion and golden deeds of all kinds shone on the shelves. In one book a place was found for Lord Byron. This book was called *Noble Boys, their Deeds of Love and Duty*. The volume was divided into chapters, each devoted to a hero in this way:—

A truly noble courtly boy of England, Sir Philip Sidney. A.D. 1586.

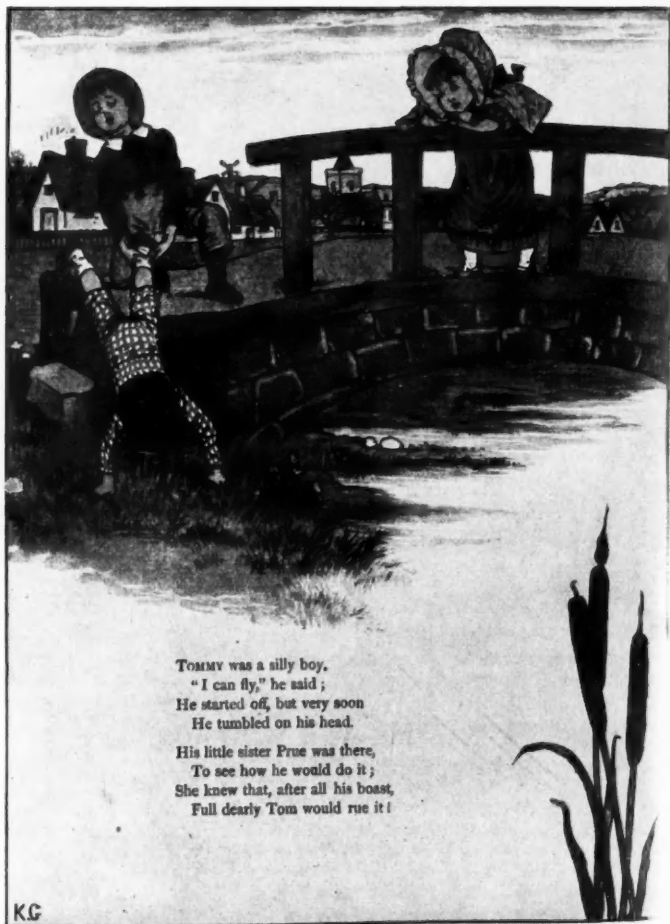
A noble Harrow boy and poet, George Gordon Lord Byron. A.D. 1824.

The noblest boy of all, the great Duke of Wellington. A.D. 1852.

In the account of Lord Byron the writer describes his prowess as a boy, then glides over his subsequent career with the remark: "I do not intend to enter here upon the moral tendency of the writings of the man. . . . What I have to do with is the nobility of the boy, and that nobility became again prominently proved in the last scene of his life."

The book contains many references to country places at home and abroad, and ends with a chapter headed *In Memoriam of the Prince Consort*. With it this short survey must be ended too, for during the latter half of the nineteenth century *Lear's Books of Nonsense*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Princess and the Goblins*, and many more wonderful books for children drove the old-fashioned cautionary and moral tales into the background, where they have remained ever since. Yet they will always emerge now and then as literary curiosities, or as sentimental keepsakes like the little Victorian fan illustrated on the previous page.

[The illustrations in this article are reproduced by kind permission of the Bodleian Library.]



TOMMY was a silly boy,
"I can fly," he said;
He started off, but very soon
He tumbled on his head.
His little sister Prue was there,
To see how he would do it;
She knew that, after all his boast,
Full dearly Tom would rue it!

KG

A KATE GREENAWAY CAUTIONARY TALE

From *Under the Window*.

SALMON *versus* TROUT

By C. H. KENNARD

BOB and I are ardent fishermen. We have fished all our lives for all sorts of fishes with considerable success, though I perhaps have gone farther afield than Bob. We agree that of all the different fish we have caught by fair means or foul, the trout and the salmon have given us the best fun.

But whereas he puts salmon fishing easily first, I maintain that I would sooner own (I never shall), say, a mile and a half of good water (both banks) on the Test, or perhaps the Kennet, than the whole of any salmon river. In my mind, you might as well say you would rather shoot tigers for two months every year than drive partridges. Take your salmon fisher to the Dee, Spey, or perhaps a Norwegian river. Everything apparently in his favour, the rugged scenery, fine rushing rivers; but the bird life except perhaps the jolly dipper.

He eagerly scans his first pool. Nothing is rising, but that is of no great importance, and he fishes the pool with his favourite fly. Nothing comes. Never mind; he tries another fly. No response. By now his rod, though only a 14 ft. stick, has made his arms and back ache a little, so he meanders on to the next pool. Same again, and so on. As a fact, there may have been no fish at all in those pools.

Of course, he might have caught several good fish. Probably he pleased himself by a nice fancy casting, but at the end of the day he is tired, rather disheartened, and possibly a little bored. And he has that nasty thought at the back of his mind that he may have been flogging an empty river!

Now take, say, my own case with a good bit of water on the Test, Kennet or Itchen about mid-June. A hot day, wind rather down-stream, fish a bit shy, not much fly in morning or afternoon, but I know trout are in the water and some three-pounders among them. Right at the start, as I stoop to wet my cast, I get that marvellous scent, a sort of pot-pourri of wild mint, thyme and musk, and—oh, lots of other lovely little weeds and plants—which brings back memories of Winchester Old Barge, Stockbridge, Long Parish, Wherwell, and the quiet sliding rivers.

"Honestly, I don't mind awfully if I do have a blank day," I say to myself. However, I see an undoubted rise under the far bank. There he is again. Sure to be a drag, so, as the fly reaches its limit, I give a little check with the rod point to make the cast fall a bit loosely on the water. I hook him, and, as I am fishing very fine, have quite a bit of excitement before he is in the net. Pound-and-a-quarter. But the catching of fish is quite a small part of, at any rate, my day on the river.

I always carry a catapult, with which I used to be very expert, and have killed lots of rats (not the water voles) and several stoats, which are all too numerous on most chalk streams. A keeper on the Kennet had some most ingenious traps which he used to set on planks spanning ditches and carriers. He told me they were marvellously effective.

Once at Wherwell I saw a stoat killing a rabbit and broke my landing net in the chase. He got away, but I collected the rabbit, and after killing it walked about 200 yd. and hung it on a pole some 8 ft. from the ground, then went on fishing. I had not been gone ten minutes when I heard a gun go off. The keeper told me that he saw the stoat trying to climb the pole and shot it. The pertinacity of the stoat is amazing, but how on earth did he find his rabbit?

Then, how exciting it is to spot a dab-chick's nest, just a little water-logged floating lump of weed. Fancy a bird sitting all day on wet eggs and hatching them. It is annoying when a wild duck goes splashing over a nice bit of water to draw you away from her brood. But I don't mind very much really.

One of the pleasantest happenings of my life was staged by a kingfisher. I was staying at an old house on the Test many years ago, and slept in a lovely little bedroom with linen pattern panelling right up to the ceiling. Opposite my bed was a latticed window looking over a by-stream, and an old apple tree in full blossom leant across almost into my window. As I lay drowsily happy with thoughts of the huge

trouts awaiting me presently, a kingfisher perched on a bough within a yard of the window and started breakfast. Some fisherman! He never seemed to miss. I don't remember how many minnows he ate, but wasn't it wonderful?

I here ought to say (for salmon fishing) that once when breakfasting in a delightful house in Scotland on a splendid sea trout and salmon loch, I became aware of a herd of red deer, hinds and fawns, just outside the window watching me with the greatest interest. But as a living picture, the kingfisher won easily. Lunch on the bank is a movable feast, and I generally forget mine till three or four o'clock, when my Labrador and I have a snack.

My old Labrador, Jane, often retrieved trout for me, slipping quietly in behind the line and looking earnestly for the fish until I pulled it to the surface, when she would grab it with the greatest certainty and bring it ashore and to hand. Once, on the Laxford, I sent her back along the bank to fetch a grilse of about 5 lb., which I had left behind. After some minutes she came back all hot and bothered with scales on her lips and asked for help. I sent her back and followed to see what she did. She inspected the fish carefully, then picked it up, only to find that it slid out sideways. Over and over again she tried and always it slipped. Finally she left the absurd thing and refused to have anything more to do with it. Probably

a hard-mouthed dog would have managed it.

But to get back to my chalk stream. There is generally a slack time for an hour or two before sunset and the evening rise, when I leave the main river and visit certain trouts I know of in a carrier across the water meadows. On my way I have often rescued little plover which have fallen into newly cut drain-ways, while the parent bird wheeled just over my head with that powerful "woomph" "woomph" of her wings.

Probably my carrier trouts are having a nap under the weeds, so I light my pipe, sit on an old hatch and listen to the evening. Snipe are weaving up and down, bleating like distant sheep. I saw one once sit on a post and make this sound. He was drooping and shivering his wings and tail like a mating sparrow. Then there are sedge and reed warblers, nightingales, a golden-beaked blackbird pouring his soul out from the top of an old willow, and some mallard plane down into the reeds to talk softly for a minute.

But if I don't bestir myself I shall miss the evening rise, so I hurry back to the river and tie on a blue-winged olive, not that I really expect the trout to take it, although there is a number on the water, and several fish are rising steadily. I soon change to an alder, and get a brace of good fish before the light fails, the swifts stop screaming and a great peace steals over the tired day.



THE VILLAGE OF WHERWELL, HAMPSHIRE, ON THE TEST

THE SECOND WAR-TIME ACADEMY

SOME MEMORABLE WORKS IN A SMALLER EXHIBITION

MUCH has happened since the Royal Academy closed its doors last summer. London is a different place, but the traditional life of the capital goes on, and the fact that it was possible to open the exhibition on the usual date, though on a somewhat reduced scale, is just another proof of the unconquerable spirit of England. The roof is patched in places, four of the galleries are closed; but, for the rest, the exhibition is much as usual. On the whole it gains rather than loses by being smaller, the good works stand out more prominently, and there are fewer of the rather boring set pieces which usually occupy so much of the space. The artists who have sent their work—and sent of their best, in spite of all the risks involved—deserve our gratitude, and no doubt the decision to open the exhibition on Sunday afternoons will meet with general approval.

The centrepiece and picture of the year is Augustus John's superb portrait of the Earl of Athlone. No other living painter could have compressed so much life, character, and energy into a canvas which is at the same time magnificently decorative. Visitors to the Academy know only too well how vulgar gold braid can look on canvas. In John's picture, set off against deep black, it is rich and sonorous without being gaudy and without detracting anything from the dominant interest of the head. The portrait is undoubtedly reminiscent of some of El Greco's most profound works. There is a strange twist in the design and an almost superhuman intensity, yet it is in no sense an imitation. John's originality and the long road he has travelled in his career can be appreciated by comparing this recent work with the portrait of W. B. Yeats (No. 3), an early painting bought out of the Chantrey Bequest. Another wise Chantrey purchase is a large interior by Duncan Grant, *Girl at Piano* (No. 241). This is real painting and one comes to it with relief after so many mere transcripts of places and things. It is a picture to enjoy at leisure. The relation of shapes and colours, and the quiet atmosphere evoked are a delight, and the effect is almost musically satisfying.

These three pictures alone make a visit to the Academy worth while, but there is much else of interest. Though John's portrait of the Queen is not exhibited, there are a number of charming small studies of Her Majesty by Gerald Kelly and one larger half-length, which we reproduce as a frontispiece. The poise is full of grace and gentleness and expresses perfectly the benign influence of Her Majesty among all the turmoil and horror of war.

The war itself does not figure very prominently in the exhibition, though some of the pictures painted for the Nation's War Records are included. The most impressive of these is Richard Eurich's *Dunkirk Beach* (No. 18). This should be read as a story rather than looked at as a picture; it is full of moving incident, the improvised shelters erected on the sands, the men's treasures spread out in gay patterns, the little processions wading out to the boats amid constantly exploding shells and the wreckage of German 'planes, the blazing fire in the distance, the burial service on the left and a dozen similar human touches. All this is kept together by the undulating lines of the sand



AUGUSTUS JOHN

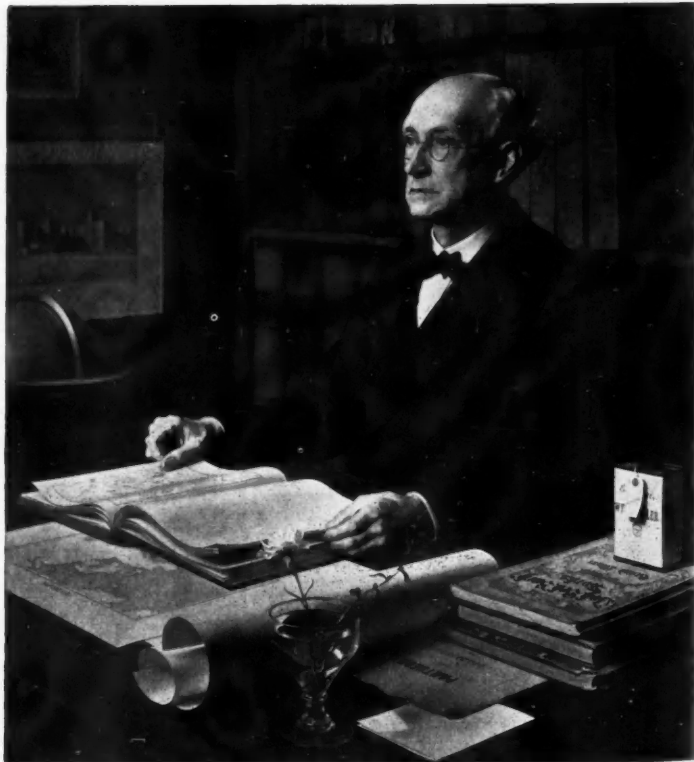
Major-General the Earl of Athlone, K.G., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O.

dunes converging in the distance, and the admirable painting of the sea and all the small craft arriving, which is, after all, Eurich's speciality.

Nevinson has painted some pictures of the war in the air, one of which he has entitled *Whitley's Moonlight Sonata* (No. 167), as well as



ETHEL WALKER. The Florentine



MEREDITH FRAMPTON. Sir Charles Grant Robertson, C.V.O.

portraits of evacuee children and a record of the great fire of London, *December 29th* (No. 529). Of the many Service portraits those of *A Young French Airman* (No. 217) by Henry Lamb and of a *Marin Français* by Gilon (No. 502) stand out, and the excellent portrait of General Smuts by Neville Lewis (No. 191) deserves a more prominent place. R. V. Pitchforth's *Road Transport* (No. 78) is a more successful and more colourful study of the black-out than Charles Grundall's *The British Railways Carry On* (No. 216). But it must be remembered that the most important pictures of the last war were painted afterwards, from records.

As a contrast to these inevitable reminders of the passing phase there are many pleasant pictures of the English scene and few (far fewer than usual) reminiscences of foreign travel. McIntosh Patrick's picture (No. 33) *Ploughing for Victory, Angus, Scotland* combines detail with breadth in a peculiarly successful way, and there is a haunting strangeness in Harry E. Allen's tempera painting of *Stone Circle, Arbor Low* (No. 617). One of the most peaceful scenes in the exhibition is a study of mountain flowers entitled *Prato Fiorito* (No. 461) by Malcolm Milne. In the same room there is a vividly colourful painting of *The Parish Church, Mortlake* (No. 456) by L. F. Lupton, and in the last room



(Above) RICHARD EURICH

Dunkirk Beach, May, 1940



(Above) HARRY E. ALLEN

Stone Circle, Arbor Low. Tempera

(Right) J. MCINTOSH PATRICK

Ploughing for victory: Angus, Scotland

the picture of the *Château, Dieppe* by Sylvia Gosse (No. 504) is the nearest approach to the Sickert manner in the exhibition. Ethel Walker, as usual, has sent several beautiful portraits but no large decoration this year. It is difficult to make a choice among her portraits, but the one of Olga Vliena (No. 53) has a restrained beauty of balance which contrasts with the more vivacious charm of *The Florentine* (No. 56). Painted in a very different manner but excellent in its way is Meredith Frampton's portrait of Sir Charles Grant Robertson, the historian (No. 249). The head is painted with almost painful precision, but there is decided fascination in the still-life objects on the table suggesting the sitter's hobbies, music and gardening. For sheer beauty of painting no one should miss the little pictures by A. R. Middleton Todd (Nos. 71, 73, 396 and 401). The last two are in what used to be called the Gem Room, and it still contains a few small pictures worth looking into. The water-colours are as usual in the South Room and are, on the whole, of rather poor quality; the black and white works are in the Small South Room. A few of the more interesting



architectural studies have been hung in the Architectural Room. One cannot help feeling a pang at the sight of some of the drawings recalling London's vanished beauties, quiet studies of the courts at the Temple and Gray's Inn, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and churches that no longer exist.

There will be great opportunities for architects and sculptors in the re-building of London, and it is to be hoped that good use will be made of these opportunities. Meanwhile ratepayers in Kensington will groan at the sight of Barney Seale's *Sculpture for Post-war London: Kensington Library* (Nos. 956 and 975). Sir William Reid Dick shows the full-size model of the stone statue for the King George V Memorial, an impressive monument and yet a reasonably faithful likeness. Incidentally, the replanning of London may enable a placing of the memorial which meets with wider agreement than that formerly decided on. Other pleasant things in the Sculpture Hall are a number of good portraits including the head of the late George Eumorfopoulos by Dora Gordine (No. 999), an interesting bust of *Susan* by Garth Williams (No. 995), some quite delightful studies of animals, and an attractive figure of Ceres carved in wood by Charles Wheeler (No. 989).

M. C.

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1.—WITH A DISTANT VIEW OF LONDON: THE SOUTH-WEST FRONT

KELVEDON HALL, ESSEX—II

THE COUNTRY HOME OF MR. HENRY CHANNON, M.P.

Built by John Wright in 1742 and completed internally by his son or grandson about 1780, the house was bought and done up by the present owners 1937-38

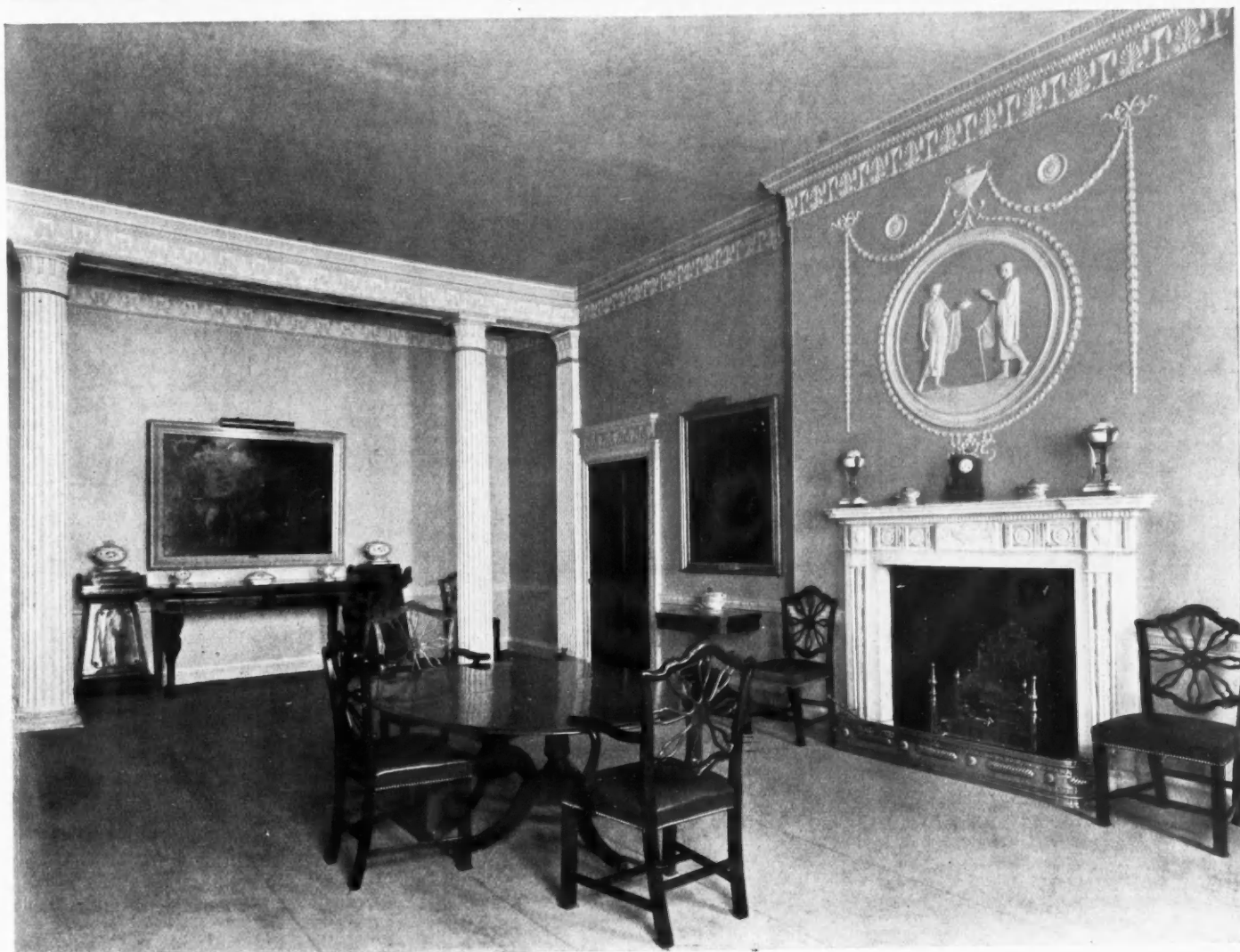
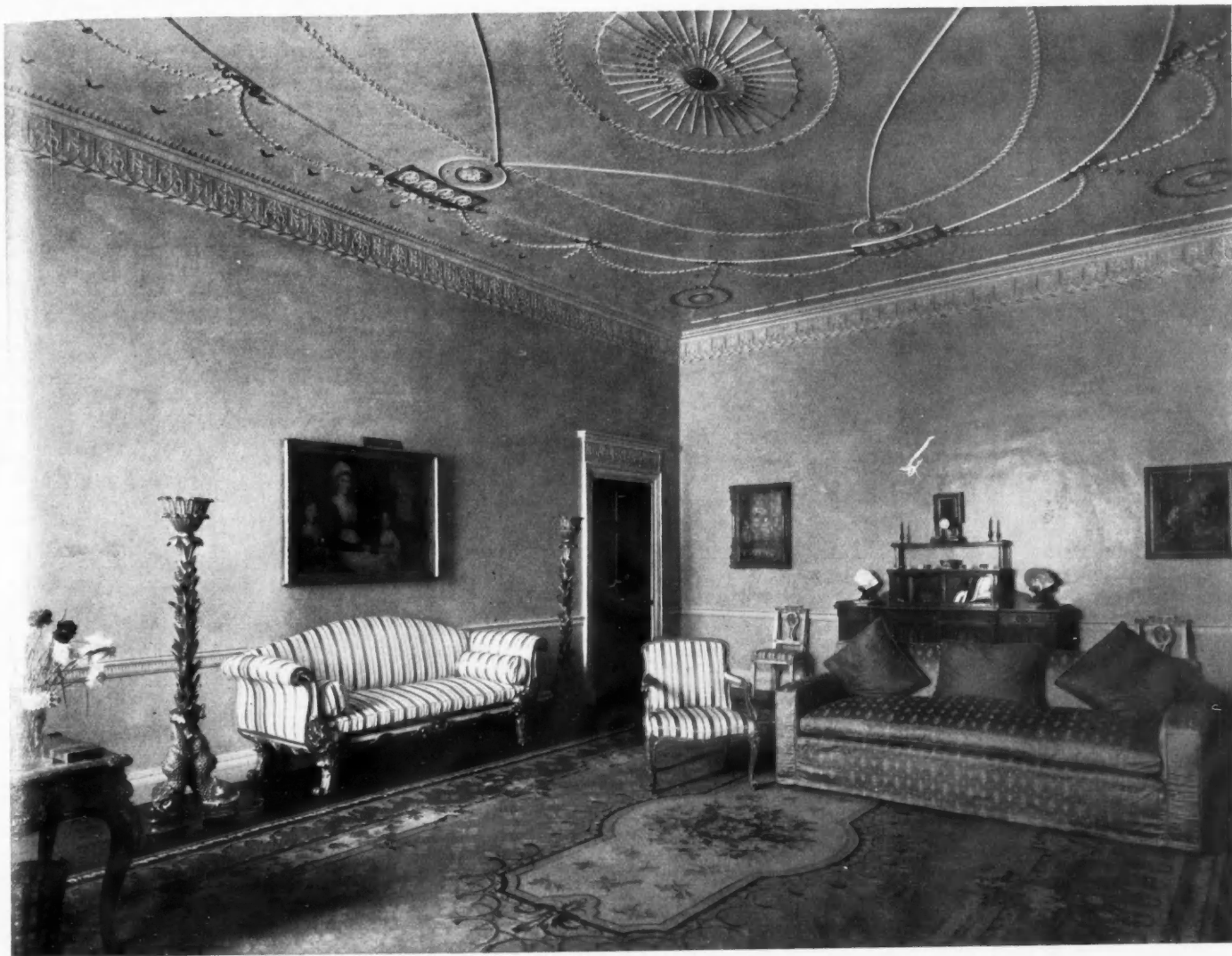


IN the years immediately before the war that seem so long ago, one of the more pleasing tendencies was the growing appreciation of Georgian architecture, though one recollects that certain municipal and commercial interests seemed bent on anticipating the bomber by destroying it. A number of fine Georgian country houses found new owners who restored them with a nicety that might well have surpassed their condition when new. Mr. Ronald Tree at Ditchley, Mr. Tritton at Godmersham, Sir Robert Abdy at Newton Ferrers, Mr. and Mrs. Ionides at Buxted, to name but the few that first come to mind, besides scores of delighted possessors of smaller houses, devoted impeccable taste to re-creating Georgian homes. The fashion was as marked as that for mediæval and Jacobean houses before 1914, when no less skill and appreciation was expended on the restoration of castles like Herstmonceux and Allington. In the middle of the first German war it may have seemed as unlikely that it would ever be possible to live again in such buildings, let alone to continue the pastime, as it does now. Yet, so far from its coming to an end, the decades 1918-38 showed a redoubled zest for living in cleverly reconditioned old houses. Plan the future as we will, the inference is that the agreeable custom will be carried on somehow or other, even if those so minded have to do it in a smaller way, or share their pleasure with others. For the age has discovered that doing up and living in charming old houses is one of the major pleasures of life. But, also *a priori*, the favoured period will perhaps be

(Left) 2.—ROCOCO PLASTER AND IRONWORK ON THE STAIRCASE OF ABOUT 1740

(Opposite page, top) 3.—THE DRAWING-ROOM: GREY WALLS, PINK AND GREY UPHOLSTERY, AUBUSSON CARPET

(Opposite page, below) 4.—THE DINING-ROOM: SAGE GREEN WALLS AND WHITE STUCCO OF ABOUT 1780





But indoors the Wrights permitted themselves a good deal of fun. It is, however, immediately apparent that the decoration belongs to two dates quite 40 years apart. The entry hall, illustrated last week, the elaborately enriched staircase (Fig. 2), and one of the first-floor bedrooms (Fig. 7), are of the date of the house, in the full rococo manner of the 1740's. The remainder of the principal rooms, including the chapel, are a generation later, no less elaborately decorated but in the ultra-refined classic taste that followed the vogue of the Adams, probably between 1770 and 1780.

One of the additions then made was the porch to the garden side, from which eighteenth-century visitors used to exclaim, on a clear day, at the amazing rich and extensive prospect over London and Epping Forest. It opens into a sitting-room (Fig. 8) with butter-yellow walls hung with a delightful assortment of animal pictures. Over the white and green marble chimney-piece, the only one not original to the house, is a particularly decorative hunting scene by Wootton in which for once, he combined his sporting and landscape talents. Usually the backgrounds to Wootton's sporting pictures laboriously represent the rather bald English countryside of pre-enclosure times—attractive, no doubt, to early Georgian hunting men, who did not much relish fences, but not particularly pictorial; here the background is such as Claude might have painted. The picture is flanked by a pair of decorative sheep compositions by Savery, and on another wall is an amusing study of cats by an unknown seventeenth-century artist. To the left of this room and of greater depth is the dining-room (Fig. 4), opening off the entry hall. It has crimson curtains to the windows in its end wall, opposite the pillared sideboard recess and sage green walls that set off the delicate plasterwork. This, restricted to a

(Left) 5.—THE CHAPEL ROOM. CRIMSON DAMASK BED AND CURTAINS, WITH GREY CARPET AND DUCK-EGG BLUE WALLS

the Early Victorian, and the ruins of more recent date than Cromwell.

The restoration of Kelvedon by Mr. and Lady Honor Channon is one of the most notable of the series alluded to above. Until its acquisition by them the house was singularly little known, although, or perhaps because, the property had remained with the descendants of a single family since the reign of Henry VIII. The Wrights of Kelvedon, one of the oldest Roman Catholic families, seem to have gone out little into the world, and, after the older house was replaced by the present handsome building in 1742, appear fortunately to have lacked the means, if they had the will, to make any subsequent alterations. Consequently, until 1922, when the property finally left the family, nothing was touched—with the exception that the decoration of the house had been brought up to date, or more probably completed, towards the end of the eighteenth century. Neither of the intervening occupants of Kelvedon between 1922 and 1937, Mr. J.W. B. Jones nor St. Michael's Catholic School, altered the house, so when the present owners found it they had the rare pleasure of discovering an almost unrecorded Georgian mansion of a high order of merit in practically untouched condition. To this beautiful nucleus they have contributed their own excellent taste in furnishings and pictures which, appropriate in themselves, have been selected in such a way as to add a certain liveliness that was probably lacking to the house before it changed hands.

In plan the house is as unpretentious and conventional as its elevations, up to a point: an entry hall three windows wide with a two-windowed room on each side of it on the east front; on the west a dining-room at the north end (with the office wing adjoining), the drawing-room at the other, of the main block, with the centre divided between a garden room of two bays including the doorway, and the main staircase occupying one. The south wing is occupied by the chapel on a lower level. This constituted an unusual addition to a normal Georgian plan, and its decoration introduced an unexpected opportunity, within an exterior that is studiously conventional.

Externally, indeed, the house is typically Tory—that is, following the English precedent established by Wren and making no bid for the Palladian modernity favoured by the rich Whigs of the day.



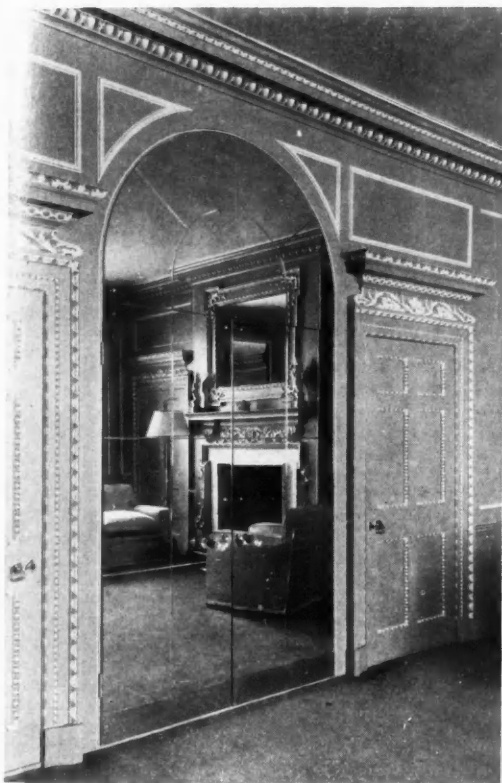
6.—AN OCTAGONAL BATHROOM. Painted by John Churchill

Grecian frieze and a relief in a medallion over the fine chimneypiece, inlaid with peach-coloured marbles, is part of the 1780 decorations. A decorative zoological piece by Roland Savery hangs over the Regency sideboard and the seating is aptly provided by the Chippendale-style chairs. A very historic picture next the door, which it is hoped to illustrate on another occasion, depicts Sir Robert Walpole and Speaker Onslow in the House of Commons in 1730 painted by Thornhill and Hogarth, the former of whom was Member for Sidport and is included among the Members in the background.

The drawing-room corresponding to the dining-room to the south was decorated at the same time (Fig. 3) with a graceful geometrical ceiling and a particularly elegant chimneypiece inlaid with yellow Siena marble (Fig. 9). The walls are painted French grey but the predominant colour is given by the pink ground of the Aubusson carpet which is taken up in the silk of the curtains; the furniture is covered with a pink striped silk and in the case of the modern settees with a grey Adam design. The picture over the sofa is a portrait by A. W. Davis and on either side of it the gilt *torchères* fitted for diffused lighting are of that dolphin breed the



8.—THE GARDEN ROOM, CENTRE OF SOUTH-WEST FRONT
Butter-yellow walls with old animal and sporting pictures



7.—ROCOCO WOODWORK OF 1740 IN A
BEDROOM

chief collection of which is to be seen in the drawing-room of Admiralty House.

Between the drawing-room and the garden room is the staircase in the rococo fashion of the 1740's when the house was built. It is an excellent specimen of the English version of that style the most elaborate refinements of which occurred in Bavaria and Austria and on which Mr. Channon contributed to our knowledge in his entertaining book *The Ludwigs of Bavaria*. English rococo decoration never quite lost sight of structural principles: here the plasterwork is kept quite subordinate to the firm wrought-iron scrollwork of the balustrade and the classical doorways. Its design consists in a hand-modelled trophy in the centre of each wall except the west, which has a window at first-floor level, flanked by drops of fruit and flowers the space over each of the upper doorways being filled by a delicately modelled wreath. The subjects of the trophies are, as usual, the Army, Music, and the Chase, the first being represented by a medallion of Julius Caesar, banners, and weapons. Most of the plasterwork must have been modelled *in situ* by a skilful artist but not of the calibre of Artari or Charles Stanley.

A room to the right at the top of the stairs



9.—THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE, Circa 1780.



10.—AN EMPIRE BEDROOM

retains excellent rococo wood-carving on its door-cases and chimneypiece (Fig. 7). Incidentally, the centre of the wall facing the windows has been filled with mirror doors to a clothes cupboard. The door to the left of the mirror gives on to a little staircase communicating down to the chapel. This is normally reached by a passage, from the entry hall between drawing-room and study, a turning from which brings one on to a dais or gallery at what was the "west" end (Fig. 5).

The chapel, having never been consecrated and used only as a domestic oratory, has been converted to secular use as Lady Honor Channon's bedroom. Nor was it correctly oriented, the altar being at the southward end, though the lie of the house is not exactly to the cardinal points, so that the chapel actually runs about south-east. It was, of course, still in use by St. Michael's Catholic School, though it is uncertain when the original fittings were removed. There was an altar-piece of the Nativity in chiaroscuro by a painter named De Bruyn. The slightly curved end wall contains an arched recess for the altar, similar to the three window arches, above which is the Dove modelled in plaster, the angles of the ceiling being filled in with palm leaves in low relief. In other respects the chapel was decorated much as a ballroom or library of the period would have been, its segmental ceiling divided by bands of enrichment corresponding to the wall pilasters, and centering in a rosette.



11.—IN THE VICTORIAN TASTE—CHINTZ AND WALLPAPER

A bed worthy of such a magnificent setting has been found, hung with old embroidered crimson damask. The draped curtains are of similar material, against walls of duck-egg blue and a grey carpet. A communicating door gives in to a little octagonal room now converted to a bathroom (Fig. 6).

The decoration, of palm trees and grey woolly monkeys on a creamy pink background, which are multiplied *ad infinitum* by mirrors is due to Mr. John Churchill.

The name of the designer of the 1780 decorations is unrecorded, as is also the case with the architect 40 years earlier.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

SHAM CASTLE

IT felt quite like old times to be taken to look at new holes. Not that these holes were actually new in the sense of having been made during the war, but they were new since I had last seen the course, perhaps some three years ago. The course is that of the Bath Golf Club, generally known by the name of that Sham Castle which Ralph Allen built on the top of the hill in order that he might feast his romantic eyes on it from his home in Bath. It has one of the biggest and loveliest stretches of view of any course of my acquaintance, and if I do not labour the point, it is only because to do so is sometimes to cast an oblique slur on the quality of the golf itself. As all the world knows, Bath itself nestles snugly in a hollow, but this golf course is very much on a hill, with the ground falling away from it on every side. Before even the Romans came I believe the Britons made their camp there, and very secure they must have felt, though perhaps a little cold at times, for the wind blows wonderfully fresh and strong at Sham Castle while Bath itself is steaming by comparison. By the time we have got there, and I do not scruple to say I went in a car, we have done our climbing. The course itself is pleasantly undulating, but not hilly, though the rock is very near the surface and there is a deep and terrible quarry, from which according to a local legend I once laid a niblick shot dead. I can only say that I have entirely forgotten the circumstances, but if I really did, then I ought to be ashamed of myself. The turf is rather soft than otherwise, and very agreeable to walk upon; but apart from the grassy circumvallations of old quarries and the ancient Wansdyke, it is not rich in natural hazards. Therefore, anybody laying out holes there has got, so to speak, to do it all himself, and that made it particularly interesting to see what Mr. Harry Colt, as architect, and Mr. Willie Murray as, if I may so term him, first conspirator, had done.

In the first place they have very considerably lengthened the course, which now measures just under 6,300 yards. It is only natural to quote Bob Acres in Bath, and so I will say that this is "a good distance." I must admit that I come more and more to look at courses with the eye of an old gentleman with a stiff back and a game leg. Further, the wind was blowing really hard on the day of my visit, and when one does not know a course that makes a world of difference. When it blows in one's face it seems to stretch the hole to all eternity. I stood on the tee of a one-shot hole with the

wind blowing hard against me, and thought that it looked a positively vast way off; yet the card said it was only 185 yards, and no doubt the card was right. So I will say no more than this: that there are several of the new holes which are honest fives for all but the mighty hitters, and that, with the turf rather soft and slow, the course, which might once have been

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

called a short one, is now quite long enough for any reasonable being.

I am not going to describe the course or even the new holes in detail. I should make a mess of it if I tried, and be an intolerable and incomprehensible bore into the bargain. Enough then for anybody who knew the course before the additional ground had been taken in, that the new holes are the 4th, 5th, and 6th on the way out, and the 10th, 11th, 12th and 15th coming home. I am going to take them out of their order because there were two as to which I was particularly curious from what I was told about them beforehand. I heard as to the 12th that Mr. Colt himself said that he thought it was one of the best holes of the kind he had laid out. Now that, coming from him, is obviously interesting, and puts one on enquiry. When I first looked at it I simply thought that it was a good two-shot hole (it would have been more for me and a great deal more against that wind) skilfully made out of a piece of open ground. Then on looking again I felt like Lavengro when he first saw the famous old trotter, Marshland Shales, to whom the old men at the horse fair took off their hats. "But stay!" he said, "there is something remarkable about that horse; there is something in his action in which he differs from all the rest." I cannot say exactly why that hole looks so good, but I think it is the admirable contours of the green and the clever bunkering of it, especially the deep drop into the right-hand bunker. It is impossible to describe these things, but I did see, as in a glass darkly, why Mr. Colt was pleased with his invention and why he was right.

I was curious about the 10th for quite another reason: because I was told that a great many people grumbled at it. To hear that generally

predisposes me in favour of a hole, since many people are foolish; they think that all they have to do is to hit the ball moderately hard and clean and that if, after that, they are in trouble, there is something wrong with the hole. When I saw this 10th hole I thought that the bunkering was both original and ingenious, and that people must be fully as foolish as I had always imagined. Briefly there are two bunkers more or less in the middle of the course. In favourable circumstances the short driver ought to be able to carry one and the longer driver the other. If either feels any doubt as to his power there is room on either side, and there is no reason save human frailty for being caught; but the player must make up his mind on the tee and not merely hit what he calls a good shot and subsequently nourish a grievance. I thought it a capital device, especially on a piece of ground having no great natural interest; I took off my hat to my old friend Mr. Colt even as those at the fair took off their hats to that old horse.

There were two holes which I may call long one-shotters, both of which looked good and difficult, the 4th and the 11th, both measuring just under 190 yards. The 11th, with its long and narrow green, had a particularly seductive air. As to the 4th, it cannot be easy (it did not look it) because I was told that when Cotton and R. A. Whitcombe played a Red Cross match at Bath some months ago, neither of them succeeded in putting his tee shot on the green in either round. Apart from the major changes there had, as far as I could tell, been a good deal of skilful landscape gardening done at a number of the holes to their considerable advantage. That may sound a disrespectful term, but it is not so intended. Landscape gardening makes a very great deal of difference. To realise this one has only to look at a hole designed by a modern architect and made by a modern contractor and then throw the mind back and think what it would have looked like once upon a time. It might have been just as difficult but it would have been utterly lacking in charm. The bunkers which are now so varied and graceful and of so natural an aspect would have been in the nature of rectangular pits or flower beds, and the green would very likely have been a perfect square, the outline of which was preserved with treasures of ill-expended care by the man with the mowing machine. Greens look ever so much more attractive to-day with their broken and irregular outlines. In fact, I must quote Bob Acres again: "Dress does make a difference, David."

A COUNTRYWOMAN'S DIARY

By E. M. DELAFIELD

WHEN confronted with a solemn little statement on the almanack-leaf that "summer time begins at 2 a.m." did many readers blink, and read, and read again, as I did?

"During summer time the times for sun risings and settings and moon changes have been revised to agree with summer time."

Nature is not usually so accommodating.

It took a more perceptive mind than my own to realise that the "times for sun risings" and so on referred to some small announcements given at the top of the almanack pages, and not to the workings of the solar system—fortunately, and for ever, unassailable by the vagaries of the human race. And having realised that, one had to grasp that summer time—doubled now!—did not begin on the day stated in the almanack—for it had never ended.

The same almanack informs me that this is approximately the time when eels come to season." Hostesses of London evacuees, please note.

Finally, and more pleasingly, it stated that the hawthorn should be in flower. I am glad to add that it was.

AN old lady, evacuated to a country-house in the West, was gently asked by her hostess to be very careful of the black-out—one of the more complicated examples, depending on special fasteners and loops of tape.

The guest, seeming astounded, declared that she had no intention of touching it.

"I thought you might want to open the window before getting into bed," it was suggested.

"At this time of year?" was the reply, in tones of horrified incredulity.

If more people would feel like this about it, there would be many fewer fines imposed in the police courts.

Black-out offences and failures to immobilise a car left standing are now the stock offences on every Petty Sessions list. One ingenious offender, having quite obviously forgotten to lock her car, put forward the spirited defence that she had left her dog in charge and that 20 or a 100 invaders would not have

been suffered to lay a finger on the car.

Knowing the dog—a fearfully determined and energetic Airedale—I saw reason to believe her. The law, however, abides by the letter rather than the spirit—no doubt rightly—and she was fined.

I hope that she did not hold the belief, once put into words by a merry ancient who had been charged with some minor misdemeanour, that their Worships were naturally anxious to convict in every case, since the money from the fines went into their own pockets! He did not propound this theory in open court, but merely uttered a kindly word of condolence, after the Sessions, to one of the justices, when a number of cases had either been dismissed, or merely placed on probation.

I AM not sure whether a COUNTRY LIFE contributor is permitted to comment on the productions of a fellow-contributor. But I should find it difficult not to do so in the case of Mr. Alan Dent's delightful article on *Churchill: A Somerset Village*, so beautifully illustrated. Please may we have the Devonshire Churchill too? As a Devonshire woman, I am disturbed to think that I don't so much as know in which corner of the county it lies.

The article told us that the children round about the Somerset Churchill stop and say "Hallo!" as they pass—evacuees included. Here in Devon, the evacuees have got so far as to nod, and sometimes smile, in reply to the customary "Good morning" or "Good afternoon." They can hardly be expected to fall in with the local custom, by which the children—and many of the grown-ups too—greet a well known face simply with a repetition of the owner's name, in a broad, slow drawl: "Miz' Blackmore" or—in the case of the clergyman—"Rev'n'd Jo-ohn-son"—with a tremendous stressing of the first syllable—which would, as a matter of fact, be rendered in the case of the second name I have selected as "Jah-an-son."

One little evacuee, told that she was to be taken to see a film by the daughter of the

house where she was billeted, asked the price of the seats. It was a tiny local cinema, and a very modest sum was mentioned as being the price of the best seats obtainable.

The evacuee uttered the inevitable "Coo!" and then said: "But that'll be for you. Where shall I be put?"

She seemed overwhelmed when she was told that she would, naturally, sit with her entertainer.

The more one thinks over this tiny little story, it seems to me, the more one realises how very badly a new social structure is required everywhere.

IT fell to my lot quite recently to catalogue a quantity of books that had been given to a village recreation room for the troops. It was quite a nice room, with a table and chairs, writing materials and a fire, and the books were ranged alphabetically upon shelves.

Perhaps eight or ten of them were comparatively recent publications, mostly novels. There was Reed's *Insanity Fair* and Maurois's admirable little work about France.

For the others, there was practically nothing to be said except that they did include a number of popular detective stories, all of them old—but not necessarily the worse reading for that.

There was a French grammar, a guide to Alexandria, an illustrated tale for children with a name something like *Little Frank's First Christmas*, the bulky life of a Victorian missionary, and a great number of innocuous Edwardian love-stories in the old Nelson's sixpenny edition.

All these books had been given.

Another way of putting it, and a more accurate one, is to say that the donors had carefully dragged out an accumulation of books which they would never read again and presented them to the soldiers' library.

I do not know what proportion of soldiers like to spend their free time in reading—probably not a very large one. It is not likely to increase if no more interesting selection is put at their disposal by those who send presents of books.

BLUEBELL TIME IN THE WOODS

By H. E. BATES

IN the woods of the south country the bluebells begin to spear up in February, sharp leaf points pricking clean through the flat fawn skeletons of dead sweet-chestnut leaves, sometimes uplifting them completely, making miniature awnings under whose shadow still other leaves pale and sicken to the colour of straw. The strength of this upward movement of countless spearing leaves is immense; the whole floor of the wood rises, moved as by no other flower throughout the year.

Primroses, by their flatness, seem to make the earth itself flatter; they give the impression of having been scattered casually down. The bluebells are a force, rising in mass obedience to the magnetism of early summer light.

For the English there is only one bluebell, officially known for some reason as *Scilla nonscripta*, though we possess another, rarer and smaller, *Scilla verna*, the spring squill, found sometimes in coastal pastures. The bluebells of Scotland are something quite different: the little summer harebells of the moors. The name for both is wrong, since there is no pure blue in either, and in harebells nothing to do with hares. Bluebell is the homely word; but wild hyacinth gives an impression of slenderness and delicacy, with a touch of Grecian warmth that seems to fit more perfectly the commonest aristocrat of all English flowers.

There are more than 2,000 species of English native plants, but few of them startle the landscape with their profusion. Daisies and cowslips in April, buttercups in May, moon-daisies in June, poppies in July, willow-herb in August—there are few others. We have no September meadows of crocus; no spring fields of grape hyacinth and narcissi, and these few mass flowers of ours, with the exception of cowslips, lack a touch of aristocracy. Daisies and buttercups and willow-herb are scentless, moon-daisies

and poppies harshly odoured. Only cowslips have the charm of a scent so sweet that it can be tasted, so that a real cowslip field, such as you see often in the flat lands of Huntingdonshire, deep and thick with heavy flowers of almost orange gold, is still by far the sweetest of English fields, a joyful and glorious thing, part of the sun.

But bluebells are not of the sun. Cowslips are bland and friendly and sweet, open-hearted, whereas there is something about bluebells, growing away from the sun, under rapidly thickening trees, their colour so intermediate and delicate that it seems sometimes to be part of sky and space, that is eternally elusive. In February and March they lift the floor of the wood with thousands of glassy-bright, sharp leaves, but by late April or early May, when they are coming into their full glory of flower, they seem no longer to belong to earth. The earth now has lifted them, so that they are massed in misty suspense above it, like stretches of low mauve cloud, almost like mauve smoke, thinning and thickening about the feet of the trees.

By early May the English wood is at its best. Wild cherries are white above the yellow masses of leafing oaks; the new leaves of beech and sweet-chestnut have an almost transparent delicacy; the shadows are being stitched together, but the light still falls through the trees like golden lace. In marshy places the king-cups are almost over, but the grey smooth spears of the wild yellow irises are rising above the fallen flowers. The wild anemones have almost gone, and the last of the primroses, but the pink and purple fingers of the first wild orchis are rising everywhere from among chocolate-spotted leaves; and now, everywhere, all through the wood, through and beyond the edge of unfurling bracken, into fields and under

hedges and beyond ditches and so to the roadside, the bluebells have spread their flowers like ears of drooping purple corn.

And it is difficult now, in fact impossible, to believe that they are dying out. They seem as indomitable as grass. Walking among them seems as wrong as treading through a field of corn. In a foot of earth there are hundreds of bulbs, white, from the size of peas to the size of a decent pippin. And sometimes, perhaps under a sheltered arch of dead bracken plaited by wind, the seeds of last year's flowers are sprouting as they fell, thick as grass, as one sees spilt corn sprouting sometimes in a farmyard.

Soil seems to make no difference to this prodigious seeding and flowering. On the bare hungry chalk of the hillside woods the bluebells seem thicker, and even slightly earlier, than those in the dark, rich soil of the valley below.

And now, for two or three weeks, they out-shine and out-scent any other flower. On warm afternoons that heavy, but still in some way elusive, hyacinth fragrance will be driven out of the woods on a south wind, drowsily intoxicating, thickening and evaporating exactly as the colour of the flowers pales and darkens, in waves, under the sun-broken trees.

It is a glory that I only once saw challenged by another flower. That year the young chestnuts of a wood had been cut down, leaving the bluebells to flower in wide lakes among standing oak and birch. The sudden letting in of light disturbed a million dormant seeds of pink campion. They sprang up everywhere among the bluebells, making a thick blending of pink and mauve broken only by rarer candle-bells of the pure white hyacinths. For a time it seemed as if the bluebells must be out-seeded and perhaps out-flowered. But the next year, for some reason, every campion had gone.

OLE TOM, THE PLOUGHMAN

By LIONEL EDWARDS

TOM'S surname is Atkins, but anyone less like the traditional British soldier than Tom is to-day would be difficult to imagine. Unshaven, dirty, and with a curious shambling gait, he could not be imagined as saying, like Kipling's Mulvaney, "I was a Corpril once."

He seldom talks of soldiering, but by two things he gave away the fact that he is still proud of his military service. I mentioned to him that I had heard his son, Ginger, had been called up, Ginger being a roadman working for the local council. Working, perhaps, is an exaggeration, as he is usually leisurely sweeping up a few leaves between intervals of lounging, with a cigarette hanging from his lips, and talking to passers-by. Or on frosty mornings, considerably after traffic has started, he may be scattering a little grit on the roads.

"Yes, 'e's been conscripted all right. Do the lazy young toad a power of good, it will," was Ole Tom's comment.

Once a year his late regiment have an Old Comrade's Day, and Tom puts on his medals and makes a day of it. Since his time they have been mechanised, and it was at a "march past" of mechanised cavalry that I gleaned further insight into the old man's character. He stood and watched with tears slowly trickling down his weather-beaten face. It is true they were somewhat maudlin tears (the regiment "do" their old comrades almost too well!), yet one could see that in his mind's eye he saw no mechanised vehicles, but tossing heads, glint of steel and fluttering pennons, while the rattle of the kettledrums of the past drowned the roar of the present.

Except for these reunions, his Army life would appear to have been almost forgotten. His old comrades having long departed, the gap widens year by year, for he has little in common with these new town-bred Tommies and their clerkly, bespectacled N.C.Os. Moreover he is unimpressed by modern military

manœuvres. To him "they just don't make sense"; "rushin' about in rabbit-utches" he calls it!

Curiously enough, he apparently did not learn in the Army to look after Number One, for, in a modern cottage, he lives in what appears to be the greatest discomfort. Apparently his wife looked after him so well that he is incapable of looking after himself now that she "be gone on," as he puts it. Yet he is distinctly most cheerful as a widower, for his wife had what he calls "a crooked tongue." In any case, she took very much second place to his team, for his plough horses are the apple of his eye. One in particular, Captin, a great chestnut gelding, always fat and the laziest beast alive, is his special pride—probably because he looks such a much better horse than he is.

Although honest in most things, Tom will unblushingly steal for his horses. This is the sign of a good carter, and rare in these days—so much so that a farmer remarked the other day: "When I was beginning farming we used to have to keep the corn bins locked to prevent the carters from stealing extra corn for their horses, but nowadays you have to see they give them enough to eat, for they take no pride in their teams."

Not that the old carters were perfect by a long way, for they practised the strangest "remedies" on their unfortunate charges. For instance, they used to give their horses vitriol to make their coats shine. Eventually this lazy man's practice killed the horses.

The old carters, in spite of a certain amount of bad stable management, took a great pride in their teams and their harness. Bells and brasses were always kept clean. Their horses, even if not particularly well groomed, were always sleek and fat. They had lots of tips for improving the appetite of "bad doers," making up just as effective condition powders as we now buy from the chemist. They used



OLE TOM, "A MORE LOVABLE CHARACTER THAN THE TRACTOR PLOUGHMAN"

herbs whose properties have now been forgotten. Moreover, the much-maligned "cow doctor," or unqualified vet., of those days was sometimes (but only sometimes) extremely capable. Constant practice and living among animals gave him an extra sense that cannot be acquired from books. I admit these good unqualified vets. were rare but some were particularly good in what might perhaps be called manipulative surgery.

A farmer's stables are certainly not kept like hunter stables, and these low-roofed, dark, ill-ventilated buildings misnamed stables bring me back to Ole Tom. It was with great difficulty he was persuaded that farm horses "do" best, in southern England, when left out at night all the year round. In my experience this practice prevents the horses from getting swollen legs and coughs and colds (for that eminent veterinary surgeon, Professor Green-grass, still retains his place at the head of his profession), but Tom fought hard against it.

The real reason eventually came to light. It was the difficulty (and discomfort) of wandering in the cold darkness of a winter morning about the wet fields collecting his team by the light of a flickering stable lantern to bring them in to feed. While they are feeding he goes back for his own breakfast, returning then to harness up and start off on his day's work.

Although working horses require little grooming, their feet do require attention. Yet the old man will leave shoes on



THE MIDDAY MEAL FOR HORSES AND MAN LASTS HALF AN HOUR

indefinitely, or rather until they break off, usually with a bit of the hoof attached! "No fut, no 'oss" is a maxim he seems never to have learned. I put it down to the unwise economy of his previous masters.

Although I am sure he could not explain to you the mechanism of draught, yet his horses are always properly harnessed and at the right length of trace for easy draught. As he is very slow in his own movements, his horses never unduly tire themselves, but maintain a slow and steady plod all day.

Even exclusive of turns at each end of the rows, the ploughman walks quite twelve miles a day with a slow team, or sixteen with faster-moving horses. When you consider the amount of earth he lifts on his boots at each step, it is scarcely surprising he prefers a slow team. Ploughing is a desperately cold job in bad weather, especially for the hands, but when I gave him a pair of old gloves he never put them on. On my asking why, he replied, "Well, maister, I can't spit on me 'ands

to mark the inside of the headland. On this line a stick is placed at the opposite headland, and to this he opens his first furrow. He may return on the same track, or he may go on down the field and return on the next ridge, and so on. Actually we usually have horse and tractor ploughs working together, and as horses (even with a double-furrow plough) can turn in narrower space, they do the filling in for the tractors.

If the field is very irregular in shape the ploughman endeavours to set it out with as little "short land" as possible, to avoid unnecessary stopping and turning. It will therefore be seen that a ploughman requires a brain as well as physical strength—hence the old saying, "It is harder to become a good ploughman than to learn the common practice of most handicraft trades."

In different parts of the country ploughmen use different language to their horses. Some of Tom's speech is unintelligible to me, but his horses obey on the instant. When he

time got 14s. a week, and his cottage, garden, milk, and a ton of coal a year. The boy's duties, I gather, were not very onerous, except on wet days when he had to clean all plough harness, including the brasses, while the head carter retired to the taley (*i.e.*, loft) and slept. The head carter, especially if it happened to be "faither," preserved very strict discipline, and no larking, and certainly no back chat, was allowed from the boys.

On one occasion, just about the time the lad expected to be allowed to plough for the first time, he was a bit cheeky at dinner, so "faither" said: "Go fetch them whippenses" ("whippenses" is dialect for whippetree or swinglebars). When the lad had brought them he said: "Now go put them on plough." The delighted lad did so and returned for further instructions, only to be told: "Go back and fetch 'em here." The crestfallen boy having done so was then told: "Now p'raps that'll teach 'ee to mend yer manners."

This farm then had a head and under



A WINTER'S DAY PLOUGHING—THE OLD METHOD AND NEW

with gloves on, and you must do that to get a proper grip of the stilts!"

Ole Tom works (in winter) from 6 a.m. to 5 p.m., being actually "in the field" from 7 to 4 on weekdays. Saturday is a half-day, and on Sunday he only comes to feed his horses. On working days he has lunch at 1 a.m. (a quarter of an hour). The midday rest is half an hour at noon, during which time the horses have their nose-bags on while Tom has his dinner and, unless it is too cold, his midday *siesta* also. The ploughman's dinner used to be bread and cheese and tea, or tea and a hunk of fat bacon and bread in winter. The rationing of cheese and bacon, therefore, is a very sore subject with those who plough for victory.

In starting to plough a field Ole Tom will allow a headland of about 5 yd. from the hedge, and stop at the length and breadth to decide where the ridges will be made. The field is taken in strips, called rigs, ridges or stitches. A line is cut round the field first

wants them to go on he says "Gee" or "Gee up"; to stop he says "Wey." If they are going too slowly and not pulling their weight he calls them by name. To turn right he says "Whoop off." To turn left he says, "Wog."

I have little doubt the tractor ploughman's Cockney is considered to be a sign of better education among his fellows, but to my mind he is a less lovable character and his speech less pleasant.

The departure of local dialect will be, I think, the loss of a thing which is peculiarly English and an expressive, if ungrammatical, form of speech. For example, how could this remark of Tom's be more descriptive?

"Very hot, Tom," I remarked on a wild, windy, hot day in March when the dust rose in thick clouds and miniature whirlpools behind the drags.

"Ay, 'tis, an' I be fair stifled with these 'ere whirley puffs."

Ole Tom started as carter's boy at the wage of 1s. 6d. a week. A head carter at that

carter, a ploughman, under-ploughman and two plough-boys (and eighteen horses). The boys were not allowed to plough until they had done some months of leading horses. When the boys started, one led the horses, the other guided the plough. No leads (*i.e.*, driving-reins) were allowed until the boys showed considerable skill. The ploughman himself always drove with reins, but a boy led if one or both of the horses were young and half-broken.

Now a head-carter gets 58s. a week, but has to buy milk and coal and pay rent of 6s. a week for his cottage, and also pay National Health Insurance and Unemployment Insurance. So perhaps there isn't much in it. Tom asserts he was better off under the old regime, and this is probably correct. He is, however, exceedingly involved and contradictory on the whole subject, and when he received the new minimum wage he said: "Whatever that be for? I live very comfortable as I be an' spends a deal more on beer and baccy than is good fer me as 'tis!"

A FACTORY IN A GARDEN

By OSBERT SITWELL

THE garden of Brihuega, which is shown in the illustrations accompanying this article, provides an interesting footnote to a current subject of discussion, and proves that, at any rate in one instance, the problem arose and was faced 200 years ago. No doubt there were others, but, so far as I know, it is the only garden in existence which was made during the eighteenth century for the benefit of factory workers.

This imaginative use of beauty was the work of King Charles III of Spain. The urge to build was in his blood, for his father was the great-grandson of Louis XIV, while his mother was the last of that great dynasty of patrons, the Farneses, who built the wonderful skyscraper, Caprarola. Beginning as Duke of Parma, Charles ascended the throne of Naples when still a boy.

In the kingdom of the Two Sicilies he was responsible for innumerable palaces and gardens, the great Royal palace of Caserta, with its water gardens, being its chief monument. For this he employed his favourite architect, Vanvitelli. The King was also responsible for Capodimonte, and caused the San Carlo Theatre in Naples to be re-built. Even his shooting-boxes were by Vanvitelli, the most notable being a rose pink, octagonal building on Lake Averno. When called on to mount the throne of Spain, as a man in early middle age, he had to abandon various projects in Naples, but inaugurated many new schemes in



BRIHUEGA. LOOKING OVER THE GARDEN FROM AN UPPER WINDOW OF THE FACTORY



ARCADES OF CYPRESS ROUND A FOUNTAIN



THE CIRCULAR FACTORY FROM THE GARDEN

Spain, including the magnificent Royal Palace, with its room of porcelain and its great frescoes—the last he did—by Tiepolo.

It is typical, then, of this kindly and enlightened monarch that he should have thought out the miniature paradise of Brihuega, about 60 miles from Madrid, for the convenience and refreshment of the workers in his cloth factory—as well as, no doubt, because he enjoyed making it! It was finished soon after 1770.

The accompanying illustrations, it may be, scarcely do justice to the originality of conception visible in Brihuega. They make the planning of it seem a little fussy, too full of topiary and *bon-bon* ideals. To realise its charm to the full, it is necessary to remember the simplicity of the factory itself, a circular building of stucco, with an enchanting tiled roof of terra-cotta colour, and to look out, also, on the immense and shimmering view, an expanse of granite and cistus such as is to be seen everywhere within a radius of 100 miles of Madrid.

The manner in which the garden architect has, so to speak, squared his circle, passing from the circular plan of the factory to the square lay-out of the terraces, is both bold and successful. The trees and little fountains afford cool retreats, and the utmost variety that such restricted space can offer, and the vistas are everywhere beautifully framed by arches of cypress.

At the time when I saw this enchanting garden it was in private and appreciative hands; this was some two years before the Revolution, and it is to be hoped that its purpose has preserved it from suffering evil at any hands. It could, indeed, provide inspiration for new and sympathetic treatment of problems here, no less than in Spain.

CORRESPONDENCE

BISHAM ABBEY

SIR,—I have read your three delightful articles on Bisham Abbey with even more than the usual interest which I derive from COUNTRY LIFE. They revive all sorts of delightful memories, for in the 'nineties and the time of Vansittart-Neale, my father used to rent the dower house, Bisham Grange, in the summers. We used to live on and in the river and go to Bisham Church on Sunday mornings by boat, when that grand old man Bill Farrer was the rector. What happy days those were. Three Eton boys used to come and stay and we used to row in the regattas up and down the river under the name of Tadpoles. Bisham Grange adjoins the Abbey and is just above it. The photograph of the back of the stables must have been taken from the garden of the Grange, where it was our garden wall. It was built of chalk, charmingly mellowed and very hard.

I wonder if the secret of the art of building in chalk has been rediscovered. Windsor Castle was I believe built of chalk and later faced with granite, because the chalk was crumbling away. A friend of mine, some 40 years ago, employed a famous architect to build a house of chalk, and I used to watch it grow. I think that in this case the chalk was put into the building in the same position which it had occupied in the quarry, but that was not enough. Some of the chalk was porous and was damaged by frost. The stables and dovecot at Bisham did not suffer in this way even after 100 years or more.

There were some old houses in Arras which had been built by the Spaniards who must have known the secret. During the last war we converted some large caves under Arras into bomb and gas proof barracks for some thousands of troops. We were told that the caves were made by the Spaniards when they quarried the chalk for their houses, but I do not know if there was any foundation for the statement.

To return to Bisham for one moment, I remember one strange incident. At the time when I was at Eton, Queen Victoria used to drive about in a carriage with a postillion. One afternoon on returning from the river I was surprised to see the postillion just driving away, and as I entered the house I was told by the butler that the Queen had just been to call on my mother. I discovered later that it was an eccentric neighbour who lived by himself in the Quarry Woods, surrounded by stables, horses, carriages, of all kinds, and grooms. He had come

to call upon my mother dressed as Queen Victoria!

Incidentally, I often used the revolving ladder in the dovecot, which you illustrate, with Tom Moreton the bailiff. However, we used it to get young pigeons and not eggs as your contributor suggests.

—C. E. B.

OUR CLIFF NURSERIES

SIR,—In Mr. E. J. Williams's interesting letter on the eating of seabirds' eggs, which you published on April 19, the writer asks if the eggs of any other seabirds in addition to those he mentions are suitable as food. I think that there are at least eight varieties of such eggs which are edible, although the taste for some of them may have to be acquired. The most notable wild eggs are perhaps those of the herring gull, razorbill, and guillemot, kittiwake, tern, and black-headed gull.

In addition to these it is well known locally that the eggs of the cormorant (used for cake-making by fisher-folk in the north) and the fulmar petrel also have a distinct food value. The latter bird is now protected, of course, but the people of St. Kilda, who evacuated their island some years ago, practically lived on the eggs (and flesh) of the fulmar petrel, the guillemot, and the razorbill. The fulmar's eggs were eaten fresh, or salted and kept for winter consumption. The guillemot's eggs were, however, preferred in "sour" condition, that is—in the words of an observant visitor—when the eggs were "about 10 or 12 days old, and just as the incipient bird, when boiled, forms in the centre into a thickish flaky matter, like milk."

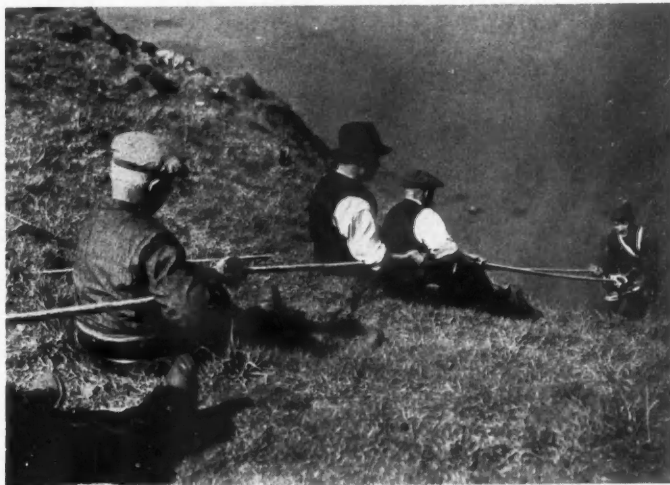
Considerable quantities of guillemot's, razorbill's and kittiwake's eggs are gathered annually from the cliffs around Bempton, Yorkshire, and dispatched as food to many parts of the country.

Because of its thick, hard shell the guillemot's egg has to be boiled for about five minutes, but it is said to be delicious.

The collection of these eggs from the cliff-nurseries at Bempton, Buckton, Speeton, etc., entails the use of ropes—as indicated in my photographs. The actual "climber," as the egg-gatherer is called, dons a peculiar sling-chair arrangement made of strong webbing, an old police helmet to ward off falling rock, and two canvas bags slung across the shoulders for the reception of the eggs. The rope by which his four mates lower him from the cliff-top is affixed to the "chair" at waist level. In this way the rock ledges and crevices where the birds have laid their eggs, can be reached with safety, and several descents of the 300-400-foot-high cliffs are made at different points from early morning until late afternoon, if the day is fine. The collecting season extends from mid-May to the end of June.—G. B. Wood, Leeds.

WILD CHIVES

SIR,—Here in the Cotswolds wild chives are not at all rare in fields and copses, on grassy banks, even in and on a retaining limestone wall. Their great merit is that they flourish during the winter months, when garden chives are dormant.



THE "CLIMMER'S" MATES MAN THE ROPES

The clumps usually begin to show leaves in late October or November and are at their best from February to May. They reproduce freely both from seed and by division of bulbs; if bulbs are transplanted, they take at least one season in a garden before coming up in profusion.

Wild chives are excellent in soups and stews, or chopped fine in a salad. Aromatic table vinegar can be made from them, and they might, I think, be dried like herbs for use in early autumn, after all chives have gone to seed.—J. B. P., Stroud, Glos.

THE MAGPIE SUPERSTITION

SIR,—Having seen the correspondence on this subject recently in your valued paper, I think it may be interesting to record that I have an old book, *Legends and Traditions of Lancashire*, which gives another version of the rhyme referred to by your correspondent and carries it a step further. My grandfather was one of the original subscribers to this book, and as he died in the early 70's and Miss Mary Webb was not born until 1881, this version ante-dates her novel by a good many years. It runs as follows (the last line suggests a date very early in the nineteenth century):—

"One for sorrow, two for mirth,
Three for a wedding, four for birth,
Five for the rich, six for the poor,
Seven for a bitch, eight for a ———,
Nine for a burying, ten for a dance,
Eleven for England, twelve for France."

—RALPH CROMPTON, Belton Hall, Market Drayton, Salop.

SIR,—In a recent article Major Jarvis remarks on seeing a number of magpies together and suggests that the birds were the adults and young of last year's clutch. This is not certain, as magpies are quite often seen in the open in parties, at times large; thirty to forty and over have been recorded. In *The Handbook of British Birds* F. J. Stubbs is quoted: "These ceremonial assemblies are probably nuptial but are still not well understood, in which from half a dozen to as many as 200 birds take part in late winter, ordinarily only in the first six weeks of the year." These large numbers are not normal in Britain but occur on the Continent. In Major C. E. Hare's book *The Language of Sport* such gatherings are called a "tidings" of magpies, a term representing the noises or cries of the birds.

Another version of the rhyme given by Major Jarvis is:

"One for sorrow,
Two for mirth,
Three for a marriage, and
Four for a birth.
Five for silver,
Six for gold,
Seven for a secret as yet untold."

—H. RAIT KERR.

SIR,—The very interesting note by Major Jarvis reminds me of the story which has been handed down from my grandfather, who used to have one of the old Victorian high doctor's gigs which were fashionable in the Midlands. Whenever he saw a magpie, he used to spit and say "Devil I defy thee," and he was not of a superstitious nature.

Though the jingle published is known too, there is another:

"One for sorrow, two for mirth,
Three for a wedding, four for a birth."

A magpie flying to the left is much more sinister than one going to the right.—H. B. B., Derby.

SIR,—I think the third line is:

"Five for a wedding, six a dance."

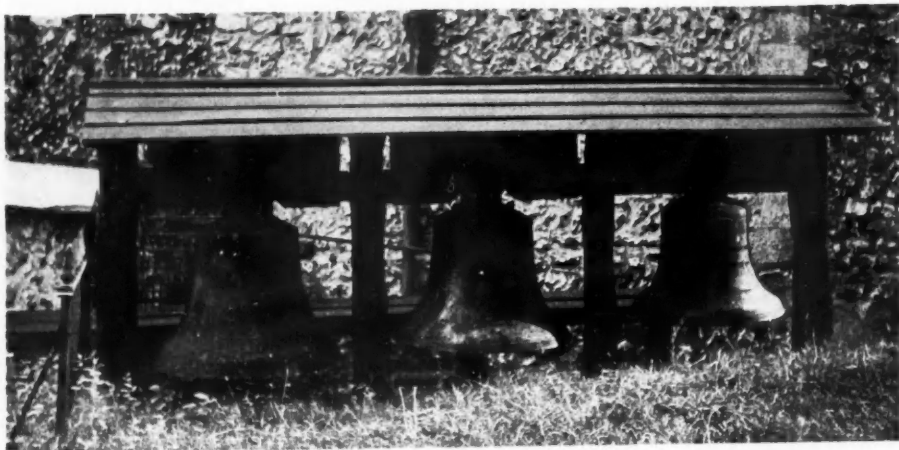
I know the last line is:

"Seven for Old England and eight for France."

I once saw eight together in France.—H. W. ADAMS, The Borough Club, Nottingham.



THE "CLIMMER" HALFWAY DOWN THE CLIFF FACE GATHERING SEA-BIRDS' EGGS



THE BELLS OF QUARLEY

NOVEL BELL HANGING

SIR,—The detached belfry tower at Kirkoswald Church, shown in your issue of March 15, reminded me that your readers may find interest in the bells at Quarley, Hampshire, where they are housed in a queer little building of their own, standing close to the church wall.—E. S. B., *Pinner*.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHAPEL IN DERBYSHIRE

SIR,—I was interested in a reader's photographs of the first Methodist chapel at Bristol, and think you may like to see this one of the first chapel in Derbyshire. It stands in St. Michael's Lane in Derby, and has long been in use as a workshop. John Wesley preached here in 1765, and a white tablet to his memory can be seen in company with the ominous "S" notice fixed to the wall.—F. RODGERS, *Derby*.

ST. ROBERT OF KNARESBOROUGH

SIR,—At the Dissolution of the Monasteries, treasures were removed from their usual background to another place of greater secrecy and safety. And so it happens that at Morley, Derbyshire, the story of St. Robert of Knaresborough is pictured in priceless mediæval glass in a church window. St. Robert complained that he had not sufficient land to grow corn for his daily bread; and the result was that he was promised as much land as his deer could plough in a day. That is only part of the tale, which is set out in a series of scenes. Dale Abbey is near Morley; and I have always supposed that the glass had been taken from that, and placed at Morley, to save it from destruction. But your correspondents' letters suggest the query: where was its original setting?—GEORGINA SNOWDEN, *High Street, Epworth, Doncaster*.

JAPANESE CHERRIES

SIR,—The cherry avenue here, of which I send you a photograph, is a plantation of the Japanese variety Ame-No-Gawa (Milky Way). I believe that it is possibly the only mass plantation of its kind in this country. The trees were put in five years ago and have already reached a height of from 15 to 20 feet. Their pale pink spires in early May are really an astonishing sight. This variety—the only fastigate form of the Japanese cherry—seems better suited than many to this cold, windy corner of Salisbury Plain.—ANGUS WILSON, *Tidcombe Manor, near Marlborough, Wiltshire*.

SPHAGNUM MOSS

SIR,—With reference to the letter in COUNTRY LIFE from J. Hill about sphagnum moss for dressings, I have been asked to make a great many pads for different hospitals, but do not know where I can obtain the moss.

Can any of your readers kindly write and tell me where I can get it? Perhaps some of your readers would be very generous and send me a parcel of it. If they would just squeeze it fairly dry I will clean it.—EMLYN BENETT STANFORD, *Pythouse Hospital Supply Depot, Pythouse, Tisbury, Wilts*.

AN EARLY CRICKET PICTURE

SIR,—The cricket photograph in your number of April 12 referred to in the letter from Messrs. Leggatt Brothers, seems to me to be of the old Horsham Ground—an odd view taken at an angle, easily done before the railway existed.—DAVID BOYLE, 56, *Curzon Street, W.1*.

MOLES AND MOLESKINS

SIR,—In his interesting article, "Moles and Moleskins," (Jan. 25) "F. P." asks: "Why, when snow lies around, do moles ascend to run about on the surface?" May I say that as they are thirsty creatures they probably do so to get refreshment from the snow.—CAMERON SHORE, *Brighton*.



JOHN WESLEY PREACHED HERE IN 1765

THE CHINESE DREAM FLOWER

SIR,—Writing from Chunking, my daughter gave me some interesting information regarding a shrub known to the Chinese as the "dream flower." It is a low-growing bush, which flowers in February, and is quite common round Chunking. The flowers are small and creamy yellow, and are borne in

clusters on the naked stalks: the leaves do not appear until later. The twigs are extraordinarily flexible, and of a rubber-like nature. They are brown and speckled, in appearance not unlike the smaller branches of a cherry tree: the leaves too are rather similar to those of the cherry. The flowers have a sweet and somewhat overpowering scent. If a Chinaman has a nightmare, he goes the next morning to the nearest dream flower, and ties a knot in one of its elastic stalks: this will ensure him against his evil dream coming true. So universal is this superstition, that one sees the bushes everywhere with their twigs tied in knots. In addition to the above particulars regarding the dream flower I received a bit of stalk and a flower, pressed in blotting-paper. These I sent to the Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. He very kindly reported that the specimen sent for identification was *Edgeworthia papyrifera*, synonymous with *Edgeworthia chrysantha*, and that it was a native of Japan and China.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

ELDER WOOD

SIR,—Woodmen in this part of the world (North Hampshire) will not make up elder wood; they will cut it down and there it will lie, but tie it up into bunts or such-like they will not, nor will they burn up the rubbish in the woods if it is elder. I have recently had two sets of men working in a wood, one cutting down and the other making up. Neither of them would touch elder, nor could I get from them the reason. However, I came across a woodman recently who gave me the reason. He said that the superstition is that the Cross was made of elder wood, and it was, therefore, unlucky to burn it.

Curiously a naval officer was in my house the other day and he said: "You are burning elder." I said: "Yes, why not?" "Oh!" he said, "it is most unlucky." When I asked him why he was unable to tell me.

Of course the Cross was not made of elder. I have lived in Palestine and as far as I know the elder does not exist. It would be interesting to know if any readers can elucidate why elder is popularly believed to have been the wood of the Cross, or what ulterior basis there may be for this traditional taboo.—A. A.

CREAM PONIES WITH BLUE EYES

SIR,—Miss Best asks about the cream ponies with blue eyes. I knew this breed in South America, and the following points may be of interest. I had a stallion of this breed which I broke in and rode constantly for about a year.

The blue eyes seem almost useless in very bright sunlight; the horse slows down and stumbles badly on rough ground. At night they see as well, and I sometimes thought better than the normal-eyed horse. They do not often hold their ears

pricked; these resemble those of a mule for angle and size.

Although I had no personal knowledge of this, I understand that the strain is very strong and that colour and eyes are nearly always passed on. They are not a popular breed.—VALENTINE E. SCOTT, *The Old Vicarage, Aust. Olveston, Bristol*.



A WILTSHIRE AVENUE OF CHERRY TREES

A BRIDGE ON A ROAD

SIR,—At Charwelton in Northamptonshire a 700-year old bridge forms a sidewalk of the Banbury-Daventry main road. It is really a thirteenth-century bridge spanning a hidden stream, over which the road has since been carried. It would seem to serve little purpose to-day, but when floods occur the road is sometimes under water and the villagers are very glad of the old pack-horse bridge to act as a causeway.—F. R. WINSTONE, 11, St. Agnes Avenue, Bristol.

FROGS AND GOLDFISH

SIR,—I have a small artificial pond in my garden which is regularly visited about the middle of March by from 20 to 30 frogs, among which males appear heavily to preponderate. After what appears to be a sort of nuptial feast, spawn appears towards the end of the month. In this pond I keep about five small goldfish, and last year soon after the arrival of the frogs, I found all the goldfish dead in some weeds at the bottom of the pond; they looked quite healthy and were apparently uninjured. I suspected some sort of poisoning by the frogs, perhaps with the idea of protecting their spawn.

This year I took the fish out of the pond, but being curious to verify if possible that the frogs were really responsible for their death, I put two healthy and lively fish into the pond with the frogs, and kept a careful watch on them. For three days I went well, and I verified that the fish appeared very well, but on the fourth day one was missing. After quite a considerable search, I noticed what I thought was the glitter of part of a goldfish in a bunch of weed at the bottom of the pond, so I got a cane and poked at what I saw, expecting to see the fish rush out, but it did not move, so I tried to dig it out of the weed with the cane.

To my astonishment out came a male frog with his arms tightly grasping a goldfish. I hit him with my cane but he did not let go, so I was able to reach him, and with my hand, lifted him and the fish out of the pond and threw them not too gently on to some stone flags outside. Still the frog hardly moved and did not let go of the fish, so I forcibly removed it from the clasp of his two arms. The goldfish was dead. On examination I found it intact except for an appearance that it had had a band tied round it just behind its gills, and I think just in front of its lateral fins. The frog remained practically motionless for five minutes and then crawled sluggishly away.

Can any of your readers recall a similar incident? The following questions suggest themselves to me:—

(1) How did a frog catch and hold a lively fish which I cannot hold in my hand, except by a closed grasp, which a frog cannot do?

(2) Why did he catch it, and why did he hold it so tenaciously, seeing that he made no attempt to eat it?—D. J. G. WATKINS, 1, Holly Lane, Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

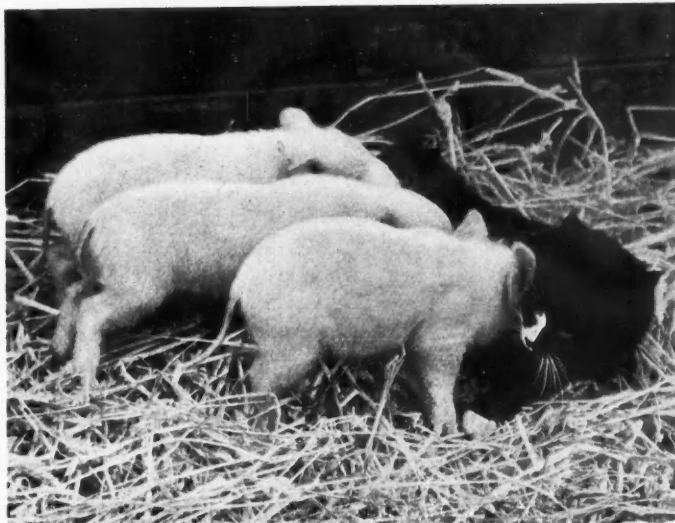
[It is always risky to leave goldfish in a pool



A 700-YEAR OLD PACK-HORSE BRIDGE BECOMES A CAUSEWAY

where frogs are likely to come for spawning purposes. Any male frog that has failed to obtain a mate is driven by such an overwhelming urge to clasp some moving object that it turns to the fish.

tragedy is entirely the outcome of frustrated instinct, the frog being as blameless of intention to murder as its victim, nevertheless the danger re-occurs annually and persons with goldfish in pools to which frogs have access should not forget it.—ED.]



MINNIE AND HER THREE FOSTER CHILDREN

Goldfish are not timid of frogs and a frog moves swiftly. The frog has no difficulty in attaching itself, but for the fish its clasp is a stranglehold. The

THE PIGS' FOSTER-MOTHER

SIR,—Cats are ever obliging animals and a she cat who has lost her kittens will mother almost any small orphan, but the cat on a Buckinghamshire farm, which has adopted three small pigs, has taken on a big job. However, the photograph shows clearly her determination to do her best for them. The sow had thirteen pigs, three more than she could manage, but Minnie, the cat, came to the rescue by taking charge of the three.—P.

THE STRIKE OF THE PEREGRINE

SIR,—In the very interesting article on the falcon and its habits in COUNTRY LIFE for February 1, there is a wonderful description of the striking powers of the bird.

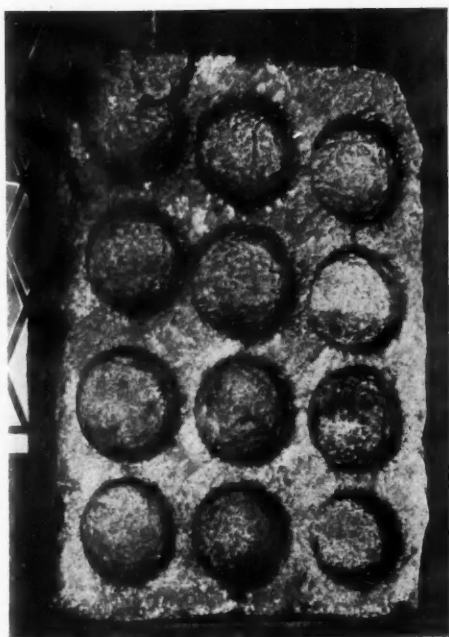
When in Gibraltar, where two pairs of peregrines nested, I have spent hours watching one on the east side of the Rock. Early in the morning, when the cliff martins and and swifts came from the caves the peregrines were on the watch for them, sitting on the wall above the slopes by Windmill Hill, from where they had a perfect view; the moment the small birds came out in masses the falcons swept down like an arrow and, singling out a bird, struck and carried it away to the rocks where the eyrie was; during the day, except in the nesting season, these birds sat on the wall, facing opposite ways so that nothing could escape their view.

I have also seen a peregrine come down on a partridge, having waited for some time until one from a covey took wing from the lower slopes; the moment it did so, the falcon came down and struck, often carrying on almost to the sea before rising again with its prey. The nest of these birds was in a deep crack near the Governor's Cottage, and once or twice the parents have mobbed me while I sat watching them and the young.—H. RAIT KERR.

AN UNUSUAL CRESSET-STONE

SIR,—With reference to the illustration of a Cornish cresset-stone in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE (March 15) some readers may be interested in the specimen in Westow Church, near Kirkham Priory, Yorkshire, for its dozen receptacles for the floating wicks in oil bear indications of use; probably, it is thought, during the night services at the Priory. The stone is more than usually interesting for within a circular-topped panel on its obverse side is a sculptured representation of the Crucifixion with accompanying symbols which strengthens the belief that at one time it has also served as the head of a preaching cross.

On right and left of the rood are the weeping figures of St. Mary and St. John; the Manus Dei is shown over the central upper member; while above the right arm is the Holy Dove and over the left a star-like object.—HAROLD G. GRAINGER, 34, Headingley Avenue, Leeds, 6.



THE WESTOW CRESSET STONE AND ITS CARVING OF THE CRUCIFIXION





A WILTSHIRE FARMHOUSE

WOODFOLDS, OAKSEY

*The home of Mr. Gervas Huxley, and its restoration by
Mr. Thomas Rayson, F.R.I.B.A.*



THE NORTH OR ENTRANCE FRONT, AND (top left) THE PORCH

TO say that Oaksey is in Wiltshire is rather misleading, for it lies on the edge of the Cotswolds, between Cirencester and Malmesbury, and a mile or two westward you are over the border in Gloucestershire. Its position on the map is at the extreme western limit of the valley of that "upper Thames" beloved of William Morris, the wide, level expanse of dairy country of which Cricklade is the geographical capital. In early times much of this country must have been swampy and often waterlogged, as many of the villages on the upper Thames and its tributaries attest by their names ending in "ey," meaning island: the Ampneys, Marston Meysey, Eisey, South Cerney. Oaksey, too, though lying farther west than these others, must have had something of the character of an island, standing as it does on higher ground

just to the north of the Swill Brook, which joins the strippling Thames by Ashton Keynes. Place-names, however, seldom mean exactly what they seem to, and although Aubrey speaks of "the best oakes in the county" growing here, in *Domesday Book* the village appears as *Wochesie*, which modern etymologists interpret as Wocca's Island.

Oaksey possesses an interesting church remarkable for its fragments of old glass and an unusual amount of mural painting only recently discovered. In the Middle Ages there was also a castellated house, which belonged to the Bohuns and afterwards passed to the Dukes of Lancaster, but it has long ago disappeared. The old farmhouse, illustrated here, belongs to a later period in the history of Oaksey. It is unlikely that it is of earlier date than the seventeenth century. Until recently it had always been occupied by farmers. But over two years ago the large estate of which it formed a part was sold, and the farm, with its farmhouse and a cottage, was bought by Mr. Gervas Huxley, who decided to restore the house and make it his home. As his architect he has had Mr. Thomas Rayson of Oxford. The cottage has been extended and developed to form a habitable house with some modern conveniences—including main water, modern drainage, electricity, and a good garden—and this is now occupied by the farmer.

Woodfolds stands among pastures, with tall trees to the north and west and a pond north-east of the house adjacent to the middens and outbuildings. Until recently it had no modern services beyond what was provided a hundred years ago; water was obtained from a well, and oil lamps and candles were the only form of lighting. The building was not in good repair. The floor of the attics was rotten,



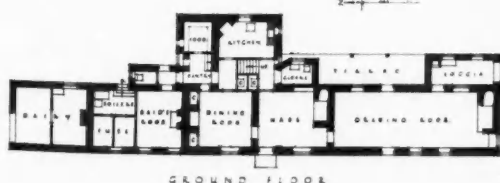
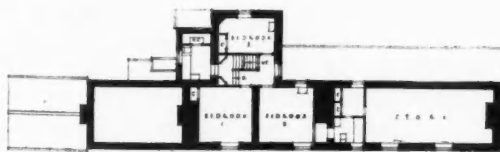
FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. A LEAN-TO FORMS A LOGGIA TO THE DRAWING-ROOM

and there was much rot in the roof timbers. The problem, therefore, with which Mr. Rayson was confronted was not only of evolving a comfortable home but first of all of making the building sound and weatherproof. All the flooring had to be repaired, walls grouted, plaster made good, windows replaced or repaired, and parts of the roof reconstructed. Every sound portion of the old building was retained, however, and as it stands the house is almost exactly in its original form.

The materials and tradition of Cotswold building spread south-eastward over an area considerably outside the limits of the Cotswolds proper and far beyond Oaksey, which is on the edge of the stone area. Woodfolds, which is stone-walled and stone-roofed, adheres to the tradition in all but its window-frames, which are of oak. It is, however, Cotswold building with a difference, lacking some of the refinement and the nice details which you find in the heart of the Cotswolds, and making do with rough masonry of small undressed stones. The house itself, of three storeys, has a little porch and twin gables to its front, to which the country mason only succeeded in giving an approximate symmetry; on either side it is flanked by long outhouse ranges. The main block has a wing projecting at the back, containing the staircase, kitchen and two bedrooms above. The plan, as Mr. Rayson points out, is far removed from that of the mediæval courtyard farm or even of the earlier type of yeoman's house. He puts the date of the building at about 1680, explaining the absence of developed Renaissance detail in the building by the remoteness of its situation. All but one of the windows had been replaced in the early nineteenth century, when the house underwent repairs. The single survivor, a blocked window in the north wall of the kitchen, had an oak ovolo-moulded frame.

On the west or entrance front there are two ground-floor rooms—hall and dining-room, with staircase and kitchen behind. The ground floor of the long south range had been a series of three rooms used for smoking bacon, storing grain, and cheese-making. The dividing walls have been removed, and one fine long room, with its ceiling beams all complete, emerged; this is now the drawing-room. Running along its east side is a loggia, with a lean-to roof, at the north end of which space has been found for a cloakroom. The northern end of the house has been adapted to provide a maid's room, boiler room and dairy. A small addition by the pantry has provided a trades entrance and w.c. Both the first and second floors have three bedrooms, and each has a bathroom with hot cupboard. A third bathroom with a dressing-room has been formed in the roof space above the north end of the drawing-room.

Main water and electricity have been made available, a modern system of drainage installed, and there is a combined hot water and supply system. Cooking is done by an Esse slow-combustion range. The builders were Messrs. Pontin and Co. of Oxford, and the cost amounted to about £3,000.



THE DRAWING-ROOM, FORMED OUT OF THREE SMALL ROOMS IN THE SOUTH WING



THE FAR END OF THE DRAWING-ROOM



THE NORTH END AND SERVICE ENTRANCE

A BOOK OF PETS

A Review by FRANCES PITT

Jungle Friends, by Osa Johnson (Mrs. Martin Johnson). (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.)

WE who have to be content with everyday stay-at-home pets of the Persian kitten and fat puppy type will read these pages with joy. Fancy having a baby elephant that travelled with you by 'plane and a young gorilla that flung loving arms around your neck! Mrs. Johnson had these pets and many others, about whom she tells us in *Jungle Friends*. She also relates in it many stories of the wild animals met by her husband and herself in the course of their journeys up and down Africa.

Some of these journeys were on foot, but many of them were by aeroplane. The big two-engined 'plane was named *Osa's Ark* because Mrs. Johnson would transport so many animals in it. They also had a second, smaller, 'plane. How times and travel have changed since the days of Dr. Livingstone! But the explorer's spirit is the same now as it was then, a burning desire to go on, to find new things and penetrate new country.

of the family life of the gorillas, their daily doings, the affection of parents for their young ones, squabbles between different members of the little community, and so on. She also relates the difficulties that confronted her husband and herself when they attempted to photograph the party. The old male, an enormous old fellow, dubbed Silverback because he was going grey with age, thoroughly disapproved of the proceedings. "The old silverback heard us and shouted a warning to his pack. The mothers boosted their youngsters into trees and stood below to protect them. The leader screamed his rage and defiance."

A male gorilla is of course enormously powerful and a highly dangerous animal to tackle. Mrs. Johnson and a friend armed with a revolver and a rifle, stood by Mr. Martin Johnson, who was also armed, while he operated his cinema camera.

"We crept forward slowly with great caution. Old Silverback made repeated charges toward us. Each time he came I trembled, for he was a ferocious-looking beast. Martin, however, was determined to get some pictures

mistress in the early morning and giving them little peace.

Other pets, though hardly to be ranked with the delightful, lovable cheetahs, were two huge living pin-cushions, Spike and Mike the porcupines; indeed, they proved so awkward to deal with that they were eventually returned to the jungle.

Then there was the animal about five feet long, with a body like a big fat sow, a long pink snout, ears like those of a donkey and a tail about 30 inches in length. The ears were pink and clean and its body was pink. This strange beast was an aardvark or "earth pig," a very retiring animal that spends its day in a deep burrow, coming forth at night to ravage ants' nests and termite citadels.

The feeding of the aardvark was a difficult, and to keep it at all was no small problem, for it had powerful claws and could dig through almost anything. Mrs. Johnson tried to solve the food problem by taking the earth pig to ants' nest. The aardvark began to dig and it came the ants, when it was the lady who suffered. In the end the earth pig went back, unregretted, to its native wilds.

Space does not permit of more than brief reference to Pantaloons, the little elephant, nor more than bare mention of the many excellent photographs with which the book is illustrated, those taken from the air of flamingoes at Lake Nakuru in Kenya being of especial interest, as are the descriptions of this mighty gathering of "living flames."

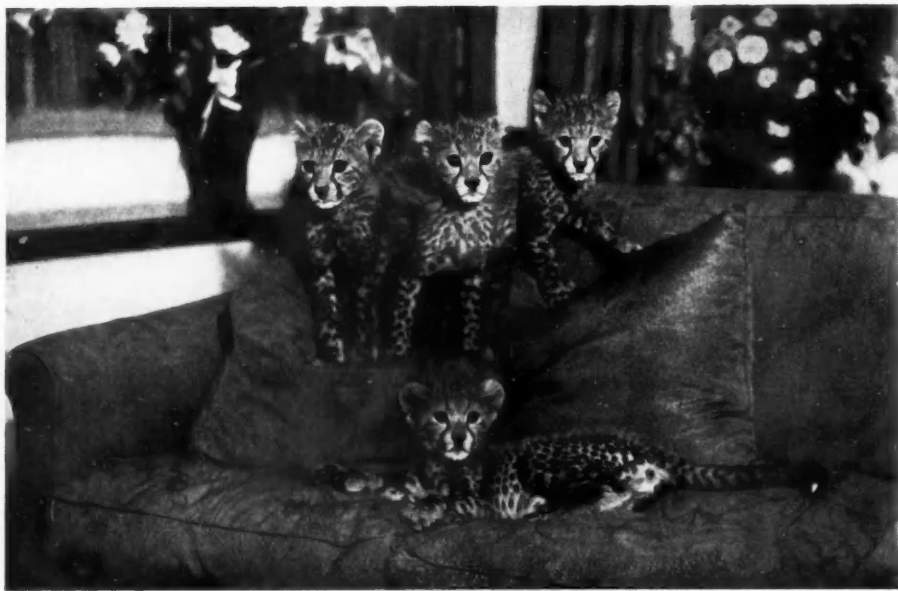
ENGLAND FROM ABROAD

Miss Mairin Mitchell is an Irishwoman and a born traveller. In *Back To England* (Muller, 7s. 6d.), she takes us with her on her travels up and down Europe during the ominous years from 1937 until the outbreak of war; and she has a faculty for combining reminiscence with intelligent comment and anticipation that makes her book valuable as well as attractive. Miss Mitchell's standpoint is: "The best way to discover England is to go away from it," and she proves that there is much to be said for such an attitude. She helps us to see ourselves as European nations see us, and her own analysis of us is both friendly and shrewd. Her postscript is particularly interesting, with its remarks on German mentality, and its declaration of her own faith: "I write as a radical, a realist, and as one who believes that the days of sovereign States as we know them now are numbered, and I write also as one who has the traditional Irish love of freedom. It is just because of this outlook that I agree with those who regard the maritime supremacy of Britain as an essential condition for international security." The book gives much food for thought.

A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK

Written primarily with the object of giving instruction concerning the treatment of animals injured in air raids, *First Aid to Dogs and Cats*, by M. H. Clarke, M.R.C.V.S. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox, 3s. 6d.) is to be recommended as a guide to owners of dogs and cats at any time. It tells us in simple language what to do in cases of emergency, and the many diagrams with which it is illustrated help to elucidate the text. At the present time it is desirable that everyone who has a pet should know what to do in case of accidents, as competent first aid may save the lives of many. Mr. Clarke writes sympathetically and clearly, telling us how to approach an animal that has been injured, and the manner in which an examination should be made. Perhaps the most pertinent chapters for the moment are those on the treatment of wounds, how to infect them and how to stop hemorrhage, which may prove fatal unless the bleeding is checked. Most people should understand the application of a tourniquet for the prevention of bleeding from an artery or vein. It is not known so generally that this tight bandage should not be left in position for more than about twenty minutes, when it should be slackened gradually, and tightened again at a brief interval if the flow of blood recommences.

Bleeding from parts of the body unsuitable for the use of a tourniquet can be stopped by application of a pad and bandage. The method of dealing with injuries to all the organs is explained, and there are chapters on the anatomy, the respiratory and digestive systems, poisons, hysteria, poisoning, and feeding in war-time, among others.



FOUR BABY CHEETAHS AT PLAY IN MRS. JOHNSON'S HOME IN NAIROBI

(From *Jungle Friends*)

The Martin Johnsons had an interesting time in gorilla-land. "Martin and I," says the writer, "spent many months among the gorillas in the Alumbongo Mountains. Every day we saw packs of the animals. We studied their habits and came to know them well. Weeks before we added little Snowball to our safari we had photographed and studied a gorilla family every day for many days."

The country inhabited by the gorillas was of the semi-forest description, some 9,000ft. up the mountain-side, and the climate was unpleasant. "Usually it was dank and dreary, with streaks of chilling fog creeping through the trees like wraiths of evil spirits." Nevertheless, "the gorillas had their garden spots of beauty that even the fairies might envy. These were in hidden glades where trees were separated in such a manner that the sun had a chance to pour its golden rays through the leafy roof overhead. Streamers of bright green moss that looked like rough bundles of unspun silk were spread about upon the limbs and the ground. The carpet was woven of wild flowers, purple violets, sweet-smelling May flowers, timid sweet-peas, and arrogant, golden daisies and, above, everlasting blossoms of many colours clasped hands to form the roof. Music, strange and wild, was provided by the songs of the birds and the rustle of happy leaves. In these bowers of magic beauty members of the gorilla family loafed, dreamed, and made love."

The author gives many interesting details

... finally his rage was such that we feared he would actually attack us, so we did the retreating and left the old man in peace."

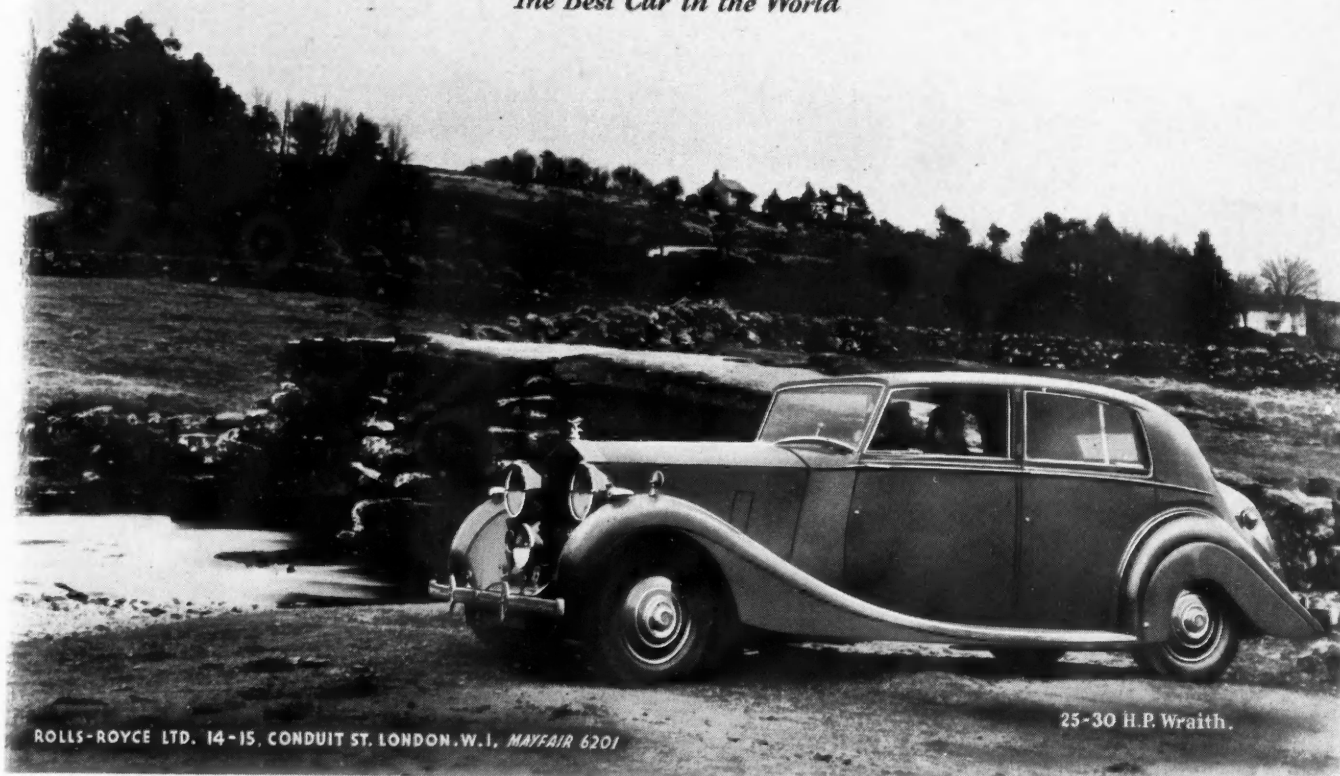
The gorilla baby Mrs. Johnson rescued from the natives came, she believed, from this party. He proved an intelligent and merry youngster, though inquisitive and mischievous to the last degree. Snowball, as he was called, was, however, but one of Mrs. Johnson's jungle friends. Among others there were the adorable cheetahs.

The cheetah, it will be remembered, is that long-legged swift cat often used in the East for the capture of antelopes. Mrs. Johnson found four kittens when on the trail of a lion on the slopes of Mount Kenya in British East Africa. The lion, a magnificent fellow, came to a water-hole and became a film star. He was such a splendid beast that the Martin Johnsons followed him to the cave wherein they believed he had his headquarters. He entered, but came out again. "He walked back and forth for a while as if bewildered by some strange circumstance he could not understand. Then he strode solemnly away from his den and disappeared into the brush. . . . Then to our surprise, we saw four baby cheetahs grope their way out of the cave."

The kittens were reared on goats' milk and soon grew into the most lively of young things, playing madly all over the camp and in and out of the tents, waking their master and

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FARMING NOTES

THE TEAM SPIRIT ON THE LAND

NOT until the third week in April did spring really come, with a surge of growth transforming a bleak landscape into a live picture of promise.

After a long and dreary winter it is a real tonic to mind and body to walk out on the pastures and feel the grass growing. I expect some meticulous person has actually measured the rate of growth of blades of grass in the spring. Anyway, we can feel the grass growing and it does the farmer almost as much good as it does the dairy cows and the ewes and lambs. The transformation in the scene is very marked this year. There is less grass, it is true, because so much pasture has now come under the plough, but many more fields had an early dressing of nitrogen. As soon as the nights grew a little warmer the top dressing brought on growth with a rush. What had been dingy brown became emerald green almost overnight, and one felt the stage was set for another season's production. In the last two years we seem always to have been working against the season, trying to get more land ploughed in the winter and being frustrated by the grip of frost. This year again we all started late on the spring programme on the arable land, old and new, and it was an ambitious programme. By the closing days of April tens of thousands of acres were put away safely to oats, barley and potatoes. It was surprising how the work got done and how well it has been done. Everyone knew that a big job was in hand and the team spirit was never seen to better effect in agriculture. In ordinary times we are individualists with a full share of personal prejudices. We have shown in the last few weeks that we can pull together. It has been evident on the ordinary farm, where, with a full programme of work ahead of him, the tractor driver has been ready to carry on during Saturday afternoons and Sundays as well as working overtime in the evenings. The tractor does not tire like the horses, and seems to inculcate a tireless, hourless

spirit in the driver. He rides at his work and, if he has the countryman's philosophy, it is surprising how many hours' work can be got out of the tractor in a week. Without going to the extremes of ploughing by moonlight my man put in 80 hours on the tractor one week and another man kept on during the dinner hour on weekdays, so that altogether the tractor had 86 hours to its credit that week. The tractor driver earned £4 5s., and the nation gained cultivations well done at the right time. The benefit to the farmer hardly matters, because he is likely to be caught in the E.P.T. net. By the way, farm workers now come within the range of the income-tax inspector. Who would have thought it possible five years ago that wage rates in agriculture could be so increased and the lower limit of income tax so extended that the single farm worker would find himself liable for 2s. a week income tax?

THE men on the farm welcome the allowance of cheese they can now get. It has been pathetic to see hearty men eating bread with a scraping of margarine or a smear of "sweet spread" for their midday dinner. They need something more substantial to keep body and soul together. A bite of cheese will be a great help. A piece of fat bacon occasionally would also be welcome and, if the master kills a pig as often as the law allows, this can be arranged. Obviously the farm worker who is doing hard manual work cannot get along on a shilling's-worth of meat only each week. He has not access to works canteens such as most factories now have, and Lord Woolton's British Restaurants are confined to the towns. The extra allowance of cheese is some compensation, and we must be grateful for that. I say "we" although the farmer, however deserving, gets no extra ration because he has no agricultural unemployment card. Yet there are a good many small farmers and master men, like thatchers and hurdle-makers, who really need the extra

cheese. It should not pass the ingenuity of the Ministry of Food to find a satisfactory way of checking such applications through the local food office, and in borderline cases through the local war agricultural committee, who know everyone in the neighbourhood.

WITHOUT interfering at all seriously with the supply of milk farmers could call their dairy herds a good deal harder than usual this summer. We know that we shall be short of concentrated feeding-stuffs next winter and there will be none to spare for passengers. They must be shed as opportunity occurs through the summer. The Ministry of Food wants the meat, and prices for the lower-grade animals, steers and heifers as well as cows have been raised to encourage farmers to send them to a collecting centre earlier than usual. The Ministry wants a useful carcass full of meat if it can be got, and a good many fat beasts are being held until June when the seasonal prices are at their peak, but the Ministry wants more meat above all else. It is wanted to maintain the meat ration at one shilling a head, and as we had a record number of cattle in the country at the beginning of the war, and probably have still, it is obviously common sense to kill some of them off when they are wanted. That will be no great catastrophe.

HEAVY horses are making good prices. At a neighbour's farm sale a young mare, upstanding and staunch, fetched 72 guineas, which I thought a stiff price. Three other horses that you would not notice particularly made £48 and over. But it will not be surprising if heavy horses get dearer yet. All this extra arable land calls for more horses as well as more tractors. There are still a good many jobs about the farm that are done as well and better by a horse than by the tractor. A good horse may cost £100 before the autumn. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF 12,000 ACRES IN YORKSHIRE

THE EARL OF FEVERSHAM, who is on active service, has concluded the contract for the sale of 12,000 acres of land in Yorkshire to an insurance company. The increasing burden of local and Imperial imposts is one of the reasons of the transaction. Especial difficulty arising from the growing magnitude of the outgoings is that there is insufficient capital left to keep the farmhouses, buildings and other appurtenances of an agricultural estate in that perfection which, for a long period, it has been the tradition of the owner's family to maintain.

Lord Feversham's sale includes about 130 large and 15 small holdings in and around Raisedale, Chop Yat, Laskill Pasture and Fangdale Beck, in the North Riding, in the vicinity of Helmsley. Chop Yat is still the Yorkshire name of the village, despite the preference exhibited by the Ordnance Survey for the form Chop Gate. The agents effecting the sale were Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff, through their Leeds office. The buyers are the National Employers' Mutual Insurance Association. Lord Feversham has informed his tenants that there is no intention to break up Duncombe Park estate.

THE HELMSLEY ESTATE

THE sale naturally serves as a reminder of the delightful old town of Helmsley, which contains memorials of the Feversham family, owners of the Helmsley estate. Long ago the estate was part of the domain of Espec, founder of Kirkham and Rievaulx Abbeys. From his successors it passed to the Ros family, by marriage, and, again by marriage, it changed ownership, becoming the property of the Manners family. Yet again it went to other hands by marriage, the daughter of the sixth Earl of Rutland taking it to the first Duke of Buckingham, George Villiers, the Steenie of *The Fortunes of Nigel*. His successor, the second Duke, figures as Zimri in Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, and was scathingly mentioned in Pope's *Moral Essays*. Thenceforward, down to the present time, Helmsley has been the seat of the Earls of Fever-

sham, whose ancestor, Sir Charles Duncombe, Lord Mayor of London, bought it from the ducal executors. The interest awakened by this very large transaction announced by Mr. Jackson Stops makes it worth while to add that Duncombe Park was the subject of an article in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XVII, page 270).

ROPLEY MANOR SOLD

SIR ALLAN HORNE has disposed of Ropley Manor, Hampshire, through the agency of Messrs Harding and Harding. The panelled hall and galleried staircase are fine examples. The spacious grounds are encircled by farms, the property is in accord with modern standards, and there is a garage for half a dozen cars.

Northlands, a large house in five acres of garden and pasture, on the outskirts of Winchester, with an extensive range of glass-houses, has been sold by Messrs. Harding and Harding, whose sales of Winchester premises include a very large block of property at the St. Peter Street corner of the High Street, and having another frontage to St. George's Street.

Camps Manor, a sixteenth-century modernised house at Nazeing, on the border of Essex and Hertfordshire, has been sold by Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

An East Anglian bargain is offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, namely, a charming house, in part of fifteenth-century origin, in 71 acres, a mile from Halesworth. The gardens and grounds are of 11 acres, and the other portion of the land is let at £45 a year. Freehold, it is for sale for £4,000.

ANOTHER LARGE YORKSHIRE ESTATE

CROFTON HALL, a pleasantly situated residence of ample accommodation, three miles from Wakefield and six from Pontefract, will come under the hammer of Messrs. Fox and Sons in Wakefield on May 21. The sixty-six lots include the hall and six acres of garden; eight grass and

arable farms, of from 10 to 143 acres, with substantial houses and buildings; 20 cottages; the old rectory at Crofton; small holdings, a lake and plantations. The total area is about 865 acres, producing over £1,500 a year.

"UPSET" PRICES AND "WITHOUT RESERVE"

A FEW years ago the only disclosure of terms was generally in the event of a sale at an "upset" price, or a sale "without reserve." The former method, copied from Scottish auction procedure, consisted of the open quotation of a sum at which (provided it was bid, and there was no better offer) the owner pledged himself to part with the property. He was precluded from making any bid either by himself or an agent. The latter restriction operates, too, in the case of auctions "without reserve" where "the highest bidder shall be the purchaser."

In every offer of property for sale or to be let the more publicity that an owner can secure the better his chance of getting a fair price or rent, and in the case of an auction in the Scottish mode or one "without reserve" it is more than ever advisable to proclaim the coming event far and wide. Perhaps it is in part that extra publicity that accounts for the frequent instances in which "upset" prices have been much exceeded. All the same, such sales involve a risk of loss, and the time-honoured procedure of a well advertised auction with the right to withdraw the property if the reserve is not reached, has everything in its favour.

LAVINGTON PARK SALE

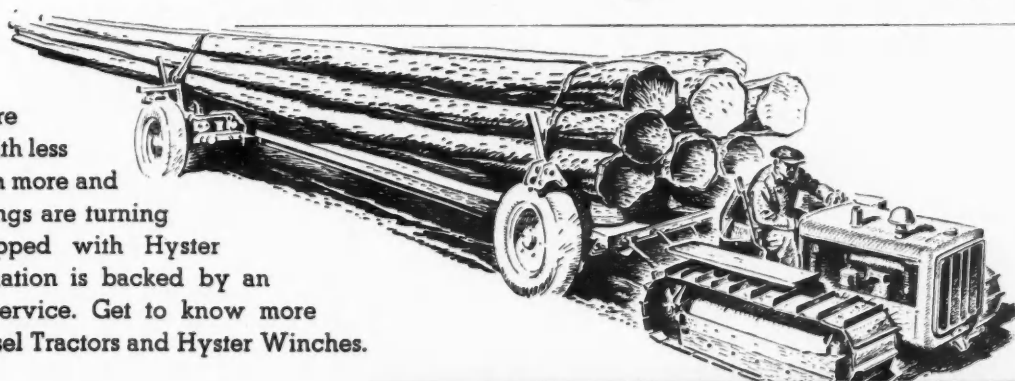
THE late Captain Euan Wallace's trustee has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer by auction next month 1,260 acres of farms, woods and other parts of Lavington Park, near Petworth, excluding the mansion and park. When Captain Wallace bought the estate in 1936, from Lord Woolavington's executors, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley acted for them. Further reference to Lavington Park will be made next week. ARBITER.



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TWO TRENDS IN MILLINERY

By ISABEL CRAMPTON

A WEEK or so ago I remember writing in these pages that hats this spring were so varied in their shapes, sizes and trimming that every woman might be sure of finding something that suited her to perfection. As an illustration of this I have two photographs to reproduce this week of hats chosen from the very good millinery showroom of Messrs. Gorrings of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. I think that anyone would admit that they prove my contention, for in style and trimming they are at opposite poles and yet both are definitely of the moment and really smart.

Perhaps the best summing-up of the matter may be that there are two trends in millinery, of which one is towards simplicity of line, outstanding effects being obtained by a tailored smartness, and the other towards a very feminine gaiety and lightness with some elaboration. The straw sailor shown, with its ribbon band continued most effectively in flat loops and ends of the ribbon falling over the edge of the brim at the back, is a perfect example of the plain hat. It is extraordinarily becoming, and an ideal completion for the little demure dresses and neat coats and skirts which so many women are wearing. The other hat, with its tiny upturned brim, its knot of multi-coloured flowers, and, above all, its perfectly adjusted flying veil, is the epitome of the other trend of fashion and, again, those same demure dresses and neat coats and skirts would find in it a perfect accompaniment though in contrast. I dislike very much the vogue for rather small felt



(Above) A GAY LITTLE HAT WITH MULTI-COLOURED FLOWERS AND ATTRACTIVE VEIL

(Left) THE MODERN SAILOR SHAPE IS IN COMPLETE CONTRAST WITH THE LITTLE HAT SHOWN ABOVE



hats, hard in line and tailored in trimming, worn with silk or cotton afternoon frocks, but either of the two hats shown would be perfect with them. It is interesting to notice that the same model has been photographed in both of the hats and that both suit her equally well.

The Maison Ross of Grafton Street, W.1, one of the very nicest places in town for dresses, coats and skirts, and millinery, and one where everything had a little touch of distinction, comes to an end owing to the regretted death of Mr. Ross. From now until May 23 all the stock, including the dresses shown in these pages last week, will be offered at much reduced prices.

The notice outside the Dryad Shop in Bloomsbury Street attracted me a little while ago, and I remember writing in these pages that if I had the time to learn some interesting craft or hobby with which to employ spare hours I should find out what they had to suggest. Promptly from the Dryad Press I received two very nice small booklets which answered my question. One was devoted to *Rag-bag Toys* (2s.) and contained some very clever patterns from which they were to be cut out. The other book *More Felt Flowers* (6d.) attracted me even more: it gave full instructions and diagrams for making the felt flowers which everyone is wearing, and I am terribly tempted to find time to embark on this myself.

The Exhibition of Textile Designs organised by the Cotton Board, which is just closing at Manchester Art Gallery, was a very cheering sign of the times. Nearly 200 designs were exhibited, many by very well known artists who had never before essayed anything of the kind. The result should be that our cotton and rayon materials will be more attractive than ever before, not only making them more popular here, but leading to increasing demands upon our export trade in the most satisfactory manner.

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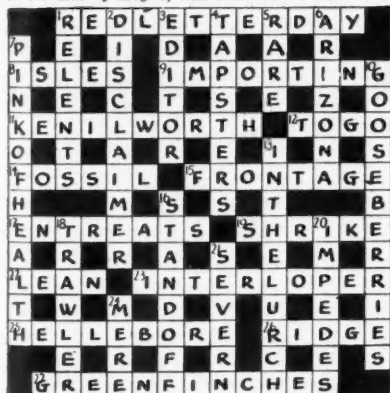
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SOLUTION to No. 588

The winner of this crossword, the clues of which appeared
in the issue of May 3, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- 1 and 3. Sixty feet down, as Shake-
speare put it (three words, 4, 6, 4)
9. Gear change made in a temper (4)
10. The stars are his study (10)
12. Go and come back with something
(5)
13. "The eye of Greece" (6)
15. He's in the middle of 24 (3)
18. For snaring with it you can make
one so (5)
19. One of the things that have got
thinner lately (9)
22. 'E may sound soft, but the blitz
hasn't cowed 'im (9)
24. As the lights of London will be one
day (5)
25. Christopher! what a soldier has to
carry! (3)
26. Palladian and Baroque, for instance
(6)
29. What the Dean of Westminster's
predecessor was (5)
- 2 and 33. A collection of shells (two
words, 10, 4)
34. Difficult situation in which one
might find oneself, in Glencoe for
instance? (two words, 6, 4)
35. They were fatal to Cæsar (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 589

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE,
will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should
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The winner of

Crossword No. 587 is

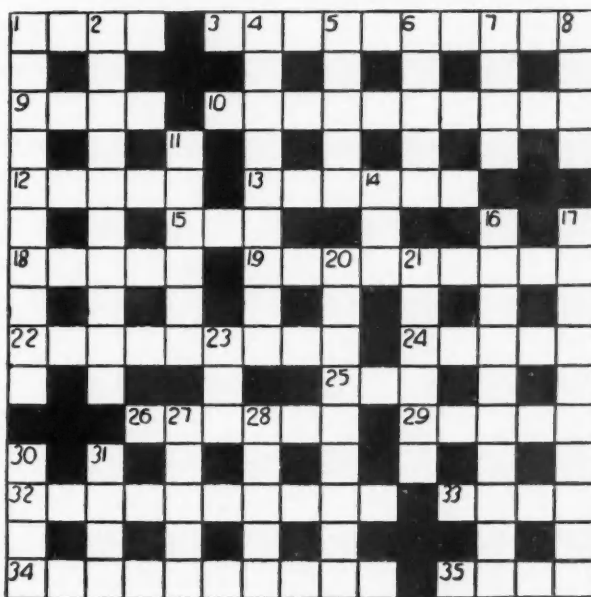
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13, Cornwall Street, Edinburgh.

DOWN.

1. . . . "Jewels five-words-long
That on the stretched — of all
Time
Sparkle for ever."—Tennyson (10)
2. A bright but at the same time lonely
dwelling (10)
4. A sailor smirched for having been
teetotal? (9)
5. Unfeeling (5)
6. It contains the Brera (5)
7. The dean in 1 down (4)
8. Organs in walls? (4)
11. For a gorge should it be Cheddar?
(6)
14. Three-letter river, all the same letter
by the sound of it (3)
16. Enchanted (10)
17. "Prey to spot" (anagr.) (10)
20. Not factory dances where people go
to it (9)
21. Gateway of the R.A.F.? (6)
23. One of Napoleon's marshals (3)
27. Opinion which remains the same
when reversed (5)
28. An enlightened drinker? (two words,
3, 2)
30. One of Ruskin's seven (4)
31. Who's that? Captain Hook's mate
answering (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 589



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